

# THE MAGAZINE FOR ALL BOY SCOUTS

# BOYS' LIFE

BOYS AND BOY SCOUTS' MAGAZINE

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# BOYS' LIFE



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## THE LOST EXPRESS

By JOHN CARISFORD

JOHN FLETCHER, President of the Sunset line, which, until the mammoth railway syndicates absorbed it, had its headquarters in Chicago, and was of no small importance, was faced by a most unpleasant task.

He sat in his private office, a bare, business-like room. In a chair in front of him lounged his nephew, Jack Fletcher, his only brother's eldest son. The old man looked grave and worried, for he had come to the conclusion that this light-hearted, good-looking youngster was totally unfitted for railway work, and that, therefore, he must allow no sentiment to interfere with his resolution of turning him out of the office.

He had intended that Jack Fletcher should in time succeed him in the office of president of the line, and with that in view had made him his assistant, and looked to him to assiduously make himself acquainted with the methods of governing a couple of thousand miles of railway.

He had been disappointed in the lad, and was now telling him so, seizing as a favorable moment that at which his nephew had asked him for a holiday.

"A holiday!" the old man almost shouted. "How and when have you earned a holiday?"

"Well," said Jack, looking perplexed; "I've been at business—"

"*Business!*" roared the president. "Why, you don't know what business means! I tell you, young man, it doesn't mean sitting in front of that desk all day long scribbling doggerel on your blotting paper."

"Precious little else you give me to do," said Jack. "I can scarcely learn the business by watching you. You have not tried me properly; you haven't given me any responsibility."

"For very good reasons," muttered the old man. "You are only just about equal to a responsibility of selecting the pattern of your waistcoats."

"Well, anyhow, uncle, I've tried my best; don't be too rough on me. Look here, I want this holiday; I've arranged to go hunting with Kenneth Webster. When I come back I promise you to make up for it."

"Take your holiday, then," exclaimed John Fletcher. "It'll be your last from this office, for I won't trouble you to come back here."

Jack rose to his feet, looking very white.

"Now, look here, Jack," said the old man, in a more kindly voice. "Come and see me when you come back, perhaps I can help you in some other way."

Jack left his uncle's private room feeling very sore, a feeling which was not entirely soothed by the fact that as he was leaving the building a messenger from his uncle overtook him and handed him an envelope which he found contained a cheque for three hundred dollars.

Relying on obtaining his holiday Jack had arranged to meet Kenneth Webster at the terminus of the Sunset line, whence they intended to travel by the famous "Sunset Express" to Denver as the first stage of a hunting expedition in the Rockies.

Picking up his bag at his lodgings Jack got to the railway station just about fifteen minutes before the express started. He met Kenneth at the barrier, and together they proceeded to the Pullman, where a smiling porter received them and relieved them of their bags. Standing chatting with Webster at the entrance to the Pullman Jack watched the other passengers on the platform with a careless eye, until he suddenly became interested in two men who, deep in earnest conversation, were walking slowly in his direction. The taller of these he recognized as Colonel Carson, an imposing old man with a keen, clean-shaven face and flowing gray hair crowned by a sombrero. The other was a small, lean, shifty-eyed lawyer, who had once been connected with his uncle's company.

Jack was rather surprised to see these two men on the platform, especially at seeing them together. Colonel Carson held the controlling interest in the Kansas Central Company, a keen rival to the Sunset line. He did not know that the lawyer, Aylward, had recently been retained by the Kansas Central as its legal adviser.

Scarcely noticing what Kenneth Webster was talking about, Jack recalled that some few years before there had been very keen competition between the Kansas Central and the Sunset lines for powers to open up a branch line which in itself was of little importance, but would eventually be of immense value to the railway company controlling it, as it tapped an entirely new territory of vast but undeveloped resources. In this contest the Sunset had been victorious. This line had secured the coveted powers, on condition that the branch line was built within three years and a passenger train run over it. The Sunset company fulfilled the law to the very letter, although they anticipated the time limit. They built the line in two years and ran a passenger train over it. *One only.* That was what they had agreed to do, and all they intended to do until the new territory developed suffi-



ciently to make it worth while running a regular service of passenger and freight trains. The people of the County of Arundel, through which the line was built, had expected a regular daily passenger train at least when they consented to the law that gave the Sunset line its powers; but they had no legal right to grumble, the law had been strictly and literally adhered to.

"Hello, jack!" said Colonel Carson, recognizing Jack Fletcher as he came abreast of him. "Going out on this train?"

"Yes, colonel," replied Jack. "I'm going through to Denver."

"Holiday, eh? Well, we'll see something of you on the train. Aylward and I are going down the line a bit."

Jack answered Aylward's effusive smile with a brief nod, saluted the colonel with a wave of his hand, and climbed aboard the Pullman. Leaving his friend Webster there he walked through the vestibuled cars, seeking the conductor, Winter, to tell him that he was going through to Denver with him.

As Jack was entering a smoking-car he caught sight of Winter on the platform. Believing that the conductor would swing on to the observation-car at the rear of the train he hurried through to meet him. The observation-car was empty when he reached it. He heard the cry "All aboard!" resound along the length of the train; the starting gong rang out its mellow signal, and the platform began to recede from him.

As the train's speed increased and Winter did not appear Jack concluded that he had climbed aboard higher up the train. Lingered for a few moments to get a last glimpse of the disappearing platform he heard the inner door of the car open and out of the corner of his eye he saw that the new-comers were Colonel Carson and the lawyer, Aylward. That they had not seen him in his corner was quite evident, for they sat down with their backs toward him and continued a conversation in which they had been engrossed.

"This is certainly a great train," said Colonel Carson; "much better than anything we have on the Kansas Central."

"That's so," said Aylward; "but that's no reason why your line should not have as good in time."

"I don't know," said the colonel; "things don't look over bright with us, and we have not much more money to sink in the line."

"I confess I don't see why you should spend much more," said the lawyer. "You know, colonel," he continued, with a chuckle, "my experience with both lines enables me to see things perhaps a little bit clearer than you can. As your lawyer, now, I might find you some excellent weapons to fight the Sunset with."

Up till this moment Jack had had no thought that he might be eavesdropping; but the lawyer's last sentence, which was uttered in an significant tone, caught his ear, and he felt that in the interests of the Sunset he was justified in not disclosing his presence, and putting an end to the conversation.

The colonel seemed to be reflecting, for it was a moment or two before he replied to Aylward. At last he said: "Yes, I suppose you could. Somehow, I have not much faith in our present

scheme. I know, of course, that the Sunset people don't watch that branch line through Arundel County. They feel quite secure; but I don't like counting my chickens before they're hatched. Anything may happen to spoil our plans."

Aylward laughed quietly.

"I was not depending much on that," he said, "if the Kansas Central can get the track laid before the Sunset discovers the game I shall be glad, of course; but I've got something better up my sleeve."

"What better scheme can you have?" inquired the colonel, in an anxious voice.

"Why," said the lawyer, "as you have the controlling interest in the Kansas Central you surely ought to have known."

"Ought to have known what?" interrupted the colonel.

"Do you mean to tell me," said Aylward, "that you have not examined the law under which the Sunset built its Arundel County branch line? It's a very interesting law, very interesting indeed to a rival line."

"What can you possibly mean?" the colonel's voice displayed a touch of excited interest.

"Well," answered Aylward impressively, "the truth is that John Fletcher, the clever president of the Sunset line, was not quite clever enough in regard to that new branch line."

"What! Has he left us an opening—anything we can make use of?" asked Colonel Carson eagerly.

"Yes," answered the lawyer slowly; "I rather think he has, and a good big one, too. There's a very considerable flaw in the franchise he obtained from Arundel County, for building that branch line. A mere clerk's error, but a mighty bad one for the Sunset."

The colonel was listening to every word now with tremendous interest.

"You know," continued Aylward, "that the time limit mentioned in that franchise, or law, whichever you like to call it, expires today."

"Yes, of course it does," said the colonel rather testily; "but what has that to do with it? The road has been built two years."

"Quite so," was the composed answer, "but there were conditions; there was a clause to the effect that the Sunset should run a passenger train over the line."

"Well, that's done," interrupted the colonel. "The Sunset has scored there. They ran a passenger train over it. It was rather sharp practice, of course, running only one; but it fulfilled the letter of the law."

"That's just it," snapped the lawyer triumphantly; "they have not fulfilled the letter of the law, and after today the citizens of Arundel County are at liberty to destroy the Sunset branch line, to tear up their tracks, and never allow the Sunset to run another train on any part of their territory."

"Aylward!" gasped the colonel, excitedly. "Surely you must be crazy."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Aylward, "I know what I'm talking about."

A moment's pause, and then the shifty-eyed little lawyer disclosed in plain language a piece of villainous treachery to his one-time employers, the Sunset line.

"I know what I'm talking about," he con-



tinued; "for the very good reason that I wrote the law by which the Sunset company got powers to build that branch line. In regard to the clause referring to the passenger train, the original draft read that a first-class passenger train should be run over the branch on or before this very day. By a very small error on the part of my clerk, who copied this draft and perhaps found some difficulty in reading my handwriting—which at times is rather bad—the law, now, instead of 'on or before' reads 'on and before.' A very small clerical error, as I say, but one of very considerable importance to the Sunset people because the franchise expires today, and although it is absolutely necessary that to retain his privileges John Fletcher should run a passenger train through Arundel County today, I know for a positive fact that he will do nothing of the kind, for he has not the faintest suspicion of that small clerical error."

"Why," said the colonel, in a high, trembling voice, "if this is true the Sunset is at our mercy."

"Well, it's true," answered the lawyer with a chuckle as he rose to his feet. "It's true, and Arundel County, indignant with its treatment by the Sunset, is with us to a man. The moment twelve o'clock strikes tonight the Sunset franchise is so much waste-paper, and at the first stroke of the hour there will be a gang of men at work tearing up the Sunset tracks in Arundel County."

Jack Fletcher had found it hard to remain impassive while this conversation was in progress, and now could scarcely control his impulse to rush after the men as they left the car and denounce Aylward for his treachery and ingratitude to John Fletcher.

Although Jack had missed a good deal of the conversation on account of the train noises he had heard sufficient to enable him to understand very clearly the danger with which the Sunset line was threatened. His heart beat more rapidly as the danger to the line was impressed on his mind.

"If nothing is done about this," he thought, "and soon at that, it will be too late. If it has escaped the notice of the Sunset line that they should run a passenger train over the Arundel County line today there will be the dickens to pay."

To seek Winter, the conductor, was Jack's next thought. Perhaps he might have some helpful suggestion to offer. He found him punching tickets in the smoking-car, and took an early opportunity of having a quiet talk with him.

"You don't believe there's anything in this?" gasped Winter, when he heard the story.

"I think there's so much in it," said Jack earnestly, "that we must telegraph to my uncle the first station we come to."

"Bassett's Crossing, about an hour ahead, is the first telegraph station."

"The driver must pull up at Bassett's, then," said Jack, "and I'll send the message."

"But we can't stop there," cried Winter, apprehensively. "Remember this is the express. Sullivan will be screaming mad if I tell him to stop there."

"Who's Sullivan?" asked Jack sharply.

"The driver," replied Winter.

"Well, you tell the driver that he's got to stop at Bassett's."

"But," protested Winter, "the mails—our connections."

"Look here," said Jack, facing the conductor squarely; "just get it into your head that this message will be sent from Bassett's. The train need not be stopped, but Sullivan can just slack her so that you can drop off the front with the message and climb back on the rear car. *We must get a passenger train over the Arundel County branch today.* Perhaps you don't realize how important that is. Some day that branch will be the most important section of the line, and there will be plenty of passenger and freight trains over it."

Jack then wrote in a leaf of his pocket-book this message, and handed it to Winter:—

"John Fletcher, Sunset Line, Chicago—Will a passenger train be sent over the Arundel County branch today? Reply to Bywater station.—Jack Fletcher."

While the train was running to Bassett's Crossing Jack discussed with Winter as to what was likely to happen if John Fletcher did not know, and had not provided against the flaw in the franchise.

"It's impossible to get a special made up nearer than Chicago," said Winter, "and that's three hundred miles from Bywater; then the branch to the Arundel County boundary is one hundred and fifty miles."

"Four hundred and fifty miles," said Jack. "Why, good heavens, Winter, that's a nine-hour run, and it's only six hours to the time limit now."

"Yes," said Winter, "and according to the time-card there's not a passenger train nearer than Kendal, and that's going west as fast as it can travel."

It was a hopeless outlook then, unless John Fletcher, knowing of the necessity, had already arranged for a passenger train to Arundel.

Just outside Bassett's Crossing the great express slowed down, and Jack went to the observation car to meet Winter as he climbed back to the train after giving Jack's message to the telegraph operator. He craned his neck out of a window to see if Winter had got off the train safely. So engrossed was he that he did not see Aylward had entered the car after him.

Presently Jack saw Winter jump from the front of the train, dash into the waiting-room of the weather-beaten station, and then rush out again and signal to the engineer to put on speed.

The next moment the conductor had scrambled aboard the observation-car and was by Jack's side.

"Did you get the message off?" Jack asked.

"Yes, all right," replied Winter, breathlessly.

"Well, that'll perhaps stir up the president, and I don't think the Kansas Central will have it all their own way if he scents their game."

Suddenly Winter gripped his arm warningly, and Jack, turning, suddenly saw the astonished face of the treacherous lawyer, Aylward, peering over his shoulder.

But Jack calmly and without a word left the compartment.

Just before they got to Bywater Jack met



Winter again. The conductor had an envelope in his hand.

"What's that?" he asked.

"It's a message Mr. Aylward, the lawyer, wants to have sent from Bywater," replied Winter with a sly smile.

"Let me look at it," said Jack shortly.

With an air of quick decision he tore the envelope before the astonished conductor's eyes.

"Well," he exclaimed on reading Aylward's message. "I'd give a hundred dollars to know the key to this; anyhow, it won't get any further than my pocket. Listen: 'Jenkins, Engineer, Goldstone—Iron girders delayed. May be in time. Rush order No. 27.'"

"What do you suppose that means, Winter?"

"Can't tell, except that Goldstone is the little town at the end of the lines that the Kansas Central branch drove up to the country that the Arundel County branch covers. They'd got that far toward reaching the N. P. junction when the Sunset got the Arundel County franchise. They've never built beyond Goldstone."

Jack said no more on the subject then, but went into the smoking-car, where he found Colonel Carson and the little lawyer with their heads close together talking excitedly. He watched them thoughtfully until the train pulled up at Bywater.

Just before they reached the station Jack noticed a parallel line of rusted rails that branched off to the south through the woods. This was the beginning of the Arundel County branch.

As the express came to a halt the telegraph operator hailed the conductor.

"Anyone aboard named Jack Fletcher?" he cried.

"Yes," answered Winter, "the president's nephew. He's expecting a message."

"Shall we start right ahead, sir?" asked Winter as he handed Jack the message the operator delivered.

"Wait!" was the brief reply.

Jack tore open the envelope and read with terrible dismay:—

"Mr. Fletcher out of town for day."

This was signed by the president's private secretary. A second message in the same envelope completed his confusion. It ran:—

"No train of any kind over the Arundel County branch today.—Coleman, Train Dispatcher."

This message placed beyond doubt the fact that the officials of the Sunset line knew of no reason why they should run a train to Arundel that day.

It was a facer. The president was out of reach, and nothing was done toward saving the Arundel branch from destruction.

Winter still stood by expectantly.

"What's to be done, Mr Fletcher?" he asked.

"We're losing time."

"For heaven's sake, shut up, Winter," Jack cried irritably. "Do you think there's nothing in the world that's important except to get your blamed train on time? I'm going to talk to Sullivan."

The big driving wheels of the locomotive were beginning to revolve when Jack reached the engineer's cab. Sullivan had become impatient of delay.

"Stop this train!" commanded Jack sharply. "And come down here, Sullivan; I want to speak to you."

The wheels ceased to revolve, and in a moment a bushy-haired man came down the steps, wiping his hands on a bit of waste.

"Do you know, mister," he said aggressively, "that I've got to make up thirty minutes on my schedule?"

"Who do you take your orders from?" asked Jack, without appearing to notice this very pertinent remark.

"From headquarters," replied Sullivan.

"Well, just now—I'm headquarters! I'm John Fletcher's nephew, representing the president. Hold this train till I give you the word to start. Do you understand?"

Sullivan looked blank, and Winter, who had just come up behind Jack, seemed suddenly to wilt. He expected from the engineer a burst of profanity hot enough to set the woods on fire.

"Let me tell you how things stand," said Jack, addressing the confused Sullivan.

"We've only a few minutes to settle something that is of immense importance to the Sunset line, and we have to decide it alone—we three."

Briefly he then gave the astonished engineer an outline of the plot against the Sunset.

"Moses!" ejaculated Sullivan; "the thunderin' villains. And you can't reach the president?"

"No," said Jack.

"And this train has got to get to Arundel by twelve o'clock tonight or the tracks will be torn up?"

"Yes," replied Jack. "I heard Aylward, the scoundrelly lawyer, say so himself."

Sullivan looked at Jack with a gleam of admiring wonder in his eyes. The lad, he was only a lad in spite of his twenty-two years, was pale, but his face wore a look of tense determination.

"By the holy St. Patrick!" exclaimed Sullivan, suddenly grasping Jack's hand in his greasy fist; "you're the real stuff, and I'm with you to the last breath. It's the only thing to do."

"What is?" interjected the worried conductor.

"Why," shouted Sullivan impatiently, "back the train and take the branch road like a streak of greased lightning."

Jack breathed a sigh of infinite relief. With the engineer on his side the game was half won.

"We'll both be carpeted for this, Sullivan, and perhaps lose our jobs," groaned Winter, wringing his hands. "We can't do it," he continued; "think of it, taking the express with passengers and mails one hundred and fifty miles out of her way. It'll ruin the road."

"Oh, bust!" said Sullivan; "you make me tired. What have you got to do with it? You're only the conductor; you're not responsible."

There was keen jealousy between the two men as to who was really responsible for the express.

"Come on," interrupted Jack, "we've no time to waste. I'll hold you both free of responsibility."

"Get aboard then," sang out Sullivan, jumping on his footboard.

"Just a moment," said Jack, "until I wire



to Coleman, the train despatcher, to tell him what I've done."

"Let her go now, Sullivan," he said on his return, "and remember, and you, too, Winter, if there are any inquiries from passengers you must say there is a wreck ahead of us so we must take the branch road."

He ran back, and jumping aboard the already backing train, entered the smoking-car with a calm and smiling face.

"What's the trouble?" asked Colonel Carson, as Jack approached him.

"They tell me there's a wreck ahead," answered Jack, easily.

"Sit down, Mr. Aylward," he said in a quiet, compelling voice. "I don't want to shoot you, but I'll not allow you to interfere with my plans."

The little lawyer sank back in his seat speechless.

\* \* \* \* \*

In the train despatcher's office, at the headquarters of the Sunset line in Chicago, the result of Jack Fletcher's commands to Sullivan, the engineer of the express, caused something like panic. Never in that or any other railway office had such an inscrutable mystery presented itself.



Man and spike-puller were tossed unceremoniously into the ditch.

"Why, we've stopped again," exclaimed Aylward, peering out of the window anxiously. "Ah!" he exclaimed in sudden anger, jumping to his feet, "they're switching us on to the Arundel branch. What's the meaning of this, Mr. Fletcher?"

"Sit down, Mr. Aylward," said Jack, "you're too late. And you needn't worry about expecting any reply to your telegram, because I thought it had better not be sent."

"What do you mean—"

The lawyer's blustering voice was abruptly checked, and his words died in a gasp of dismay.

Something glittering had flashed in Jack's suddenly outstretched hand.

The train despatcher's office was a long room in which were many telegraph operators, who, from morning to night, clicked off or received messages. Coleman, the chief train despatcher, a strict disciplinist, was the governing spirit of this room, and the fate of every train on the Sunset system was in his hands.

On a high desk in the centre of the room was spread a chart of the road, and of every station and telegraph office connected with the system. Along the red lines that represented the rails on this chart were numbers which told exactly where every train on the system had been last reported.

When the express, the crack train of the Sunset



line, had rolled out from the Chicago terminus Coleman had been able to follow its course by this chart as if he had been actually watching the train itself. He knew that she was six minutes late at Bassett's Crossing. A few minutes after this news arrived he received Jack Fletcher's telegram to his uncle from the president's private secretary.

"Will a passenger train be sent over the Arundel County branch today?" he read. He dictated the disappointing answer Jack had received at Bywater, and then forgot all about the incident. It meant nothing to him, had no significance, except as an idle question from the president's nephew, who perhaps wished to travel over the practically unused branch.

Some time later an operator remarked: "Express twenty minutes late at Bywater, sir." The Bywater operator had signalled the appearance of the express before he ran out to deliver the two telegrams to Jack Fletcher.

"What! Twenty minutes late?" Coleman railed out. "That's too much. Wire Sullivan at Weston"—a station thirty miles farther on—"to get a move on. He'll miss the connection for the mails at the junction, and then there will be the dickens to pay."

The operator wired as instructed. A long silence followed. It was just after seven o'clock, and at that time of day there were few local trains moving.

Suddenly Coleman jumped up and strode to the big chart.

"Has the express been heard of since she left Bywater?" he asked, with a scowl. "She passed there at six thirty-eight; it's twenty past seven now. Confound Sullivan. He's losing time instead of making it up."

No one answered Coleman's question, and he moved restlessly about the room.

"That fellow at Weston must be asleep," he cried at last. "Wilson, wake up Weston and find out why he hasn't reported the passing of the express."

The reply from Weston came promptly:—

"Express not passed."

Coleman, who was in his chair, leaped to his feet.

"He's asleep—he's a fool!" he raved. "I'll send a man there who's got eyes. Of course she's passed."

"There must have been an accident," suggested Wilson.

"Find out what train last passed Weston," roared Coleman.

In a moment the operator replied: "No. 75, bound east."

"Why, the express should have met her way beyond Weston. This is awful. Thirty minutes late!"

"Call Bywater," was Coleman's next order.

Bywater was called, but though the key rattled out the call again and again, there was no response.

"By thunder!" burst out Coleman. "I'll have a change right along this line. Now what's happened at Bywater?"

"No. 75 has not been reported from Bywater either," said Wilson. "She left Weston fifty minutes ago."

Another sounder clicked off a message.

"What's that?" asked Coleman.

"Carbridge—ten miles this side of Bywater—

No. 75 just passed going east, on time to the minute."

"And Bywater didn't see her pass. That young man there can take a long holiday. But that does not explain the mystery. Where's the express?"

Wilson could not reply, and Coleman paced the long room like a caged lion.

"Here!" he cried suddenly; "ring up Woodford—seven miles east of Carbridge. Ask conductor of No. 75—it ought to be there shortly—'Where did you pass the express, and at what time?'"

Silence again; and then Wilson, as a sounder rattled, cried: "Here's Woodford."

The message from the conductor of No. 75 was: "Have not seen the express."

"What!" yelled Coleman.

He dashed for the key himself and clicked off to the waiting train at Woodford:—

"Any signs of wash-out or accident between Bywater and Weston?—Coleman, Train Dispatcher."

The reply was prompt: "No; track clear."

Completely mystified, and frantic with anxiety Coleman's mind was scarcely fit to deal with the situation. The evidence he had collected meant either that several people had gone stark mad, or that he was face to face with a situation too preposterous for belief.

It was impossible, he argued, that a first-class train, consisting of two day coaches, a Pullman sleeper, a smoking-car, and observation-car, a baggage and a mail car drawn by the finest engine on the system, should melt into thin air. Too preposterous, indeed!

The situation was a terrible strain on Coleman. He was responsible for the movements of every train on the system. Had he made some little error that was responsible for a terrible disaster? This question, which worried him insistently, he was compelled to answer in the negative. He fell back, then, on the only possible explanation, and that was, he decided, that after leaving Bywater the express had left the rails; and with the entire train tumbled over a high embankment. The Bywater operator must be at the scene of the accident, and train No. 75 had steamed by rapidly without its conductor having an inkling of what had occurred. He pictured an appalling disaster, with a terrible roll of dead and wounded.

"There's a hand-truck at Weston Station, is there not?" he exclaimed suddenly.

"Yes, sir," replied Wilson.

"Wire the operator to run the truck to Bywater, and report if there has been an accident on the line."

"Yes, sir."

When the answer came it threw the distracted Coleman into a condition of hopeless despair.

The Weston operator reported that he had gone over the line on the hand-truck and found the line in perfect order with no sign of the express. He added that he had discovered the Bywater Station deserted, and later had found the Bywater operator lying unconscious beside the line with his head badly injured. It afterwards transpired that the unfortunate operator had been knocked on the head by the switch lever as it sprang back and closed the switch after the express had passed.



On the express, as it bumped over the uneven roadway of the Arundel County branch, the conductor was going through the cars explaining that a wreck ahead had caused them to leave the main line. There was much grumbling, especially among passengers who wished to change at the N. P. junction for the north and among the mail clerks. Even by getting instant connection at Arundel for the N. P. junction they would be four hours late.

The discomfited plotters, Colonel Carson and Aylward, were still in the smoking-car. Aylward was raging at his discovery that the supposed weapon which in Jack's hand flashed a menace at him was nothing more dangerous than a nickel-plated case of some kind. But it had held the scheming lawyer at bay until the train was moving too quickly for him to leave it and interfere with Jack's plans.

Meanwhile Jack was passing through the train. Over the badly ballasted road-bed the express was travelling so badly that although it was close on eight o'clock Bywater was only forty miles behind, and there were one hundred and ten miles to cover before twelve o'clock.

"Can't you get any more speed out of her, Sullivan?" he asked the driver. He had climbed over the back of the tender from the baggage-car.

"It's a rough road," said Sullivan. "There's only one part where the going is good, and I'll let her out there, even if we have to chance jumping the rails."

"We've got one hundred and ten miles to do in four hours," remarked Jack. "Can we do it?"

"Looks like a walk over," chuckled Sullivan. They were running now at about thirty miles an hour, and Sullivan, peering ahead of him, was just on the point of letting her out another notch, when suddenly he yelled:—

"Fire and brimstone! What's that on the track?"

With all the strength of his left hand he jammed over the lever, while with his right he set the brakes. The stoker was so pale that his face looked ghastly through its smoke grime. The engine staggered on the rails, so quickly had her momentum been cut off.

Jack peered through the gloom ahead of them. There was a long stretch of straight track ahead of them, but right across the train's course was something which looked like a dwelling house built on the line.

There was a light or two shining from it. It was a house, set directly across the track. There were probably people in it, and the engine with its heavy train behind was bearing down upon it like a monstrous battering-ram.

The wheels of the engine shrieked as they ground along the tracks. Jack did not know the damage this sudden stop was causing, but Sullivan knew, and even amidst the danger he thought of his interview with the chief engineer when the flat surfaces of the driving-wheels were seen at the end of his run.

It seemed as if only a miracle could save the house, but the train at last stopped, only about six feet away from it.

It was a dwelling house. But how came it on the tracks? Passengers and train hands poured out of the train in search of a solution of the mystery.

Suddenly a lantern appeared in a field beside the track, and presently it could be seen that it was carried by a farmer who was calmly chewing a straw.

"Wal, I swan!" he ejaculated. "How come this train here? Why, ye came near bumpin' inter Mr. Jenkins' house. Dretful keerless of ye!"

"What's the house doing here?" thundered Sullivan.

"Why, we're movin' it."

"Why do you leave it on the track?" asked Jack.

"One hoss went lame, and t'other couldn't turn the machine alone." The farmer pointed to where a sort of capstan with a beam attached stood, a few yards in front of the house. The house was on rollers.

"Did you get permission to move it across the Sunset tracks?" demanded Jack.

"Dunno about that. Have to see Jenkins. It's his business."

At this instant Winter ran up to Jack.

"It's a trick, Mr. Fletcher," he interrupted. "The house was put there to stop any train that came from Bywater. I've been inside it. There's no furniture, and there are candles alight in the windows to warn a train before she struck the obstacle. It's to delay us while the Kansas Central are laying their rails across our branch."

Jack swung round to the farmer.

"Get your horses and drag this thing off the track!" he commanded.

"Can't do it, mister. My hoss is lame, I told you. I'll get a team in the mornin', and after the capstan's fixed—"

"What's the matter with that? If you can't get horses we'll pull the house over ourselves."

"Sorry; but it's busted," declared the farmer. "I've sent the shoe to the smithy, eight miles away. Had to have it repaired."

"Well, you'll have trouble over this," cried Jack.

"No," said the man stolidly. "It's Mister Jenkins' house. He'll have to stand the damage."

"Jenkins!" exclaimed Jack. "Why, that's the man Aylward addressed his telegram to. The chief engineer of the Kansas Central. They've balked us."

Sullivan, who had been examining the house, tugged Jack's sleeve. His eyes blazed under his shaggy brows.

"What is it, Sullivan?" asked Jack miserably; "do you see a way out?"

"I see a way *through*, sir; and, by Heaven! we'll take it," said Sullivan grimly, through his clenched teeth. "Get aboard now, all of ye!" he shouted.

The passengers were all hustled aboard the train, and when it began to back they thought she was returning to the main line in the hope that the wreck, the mythical wreck, would now be cleared.

Jack was beginning to feel nervous. It was past eight o'clock. He wanted to remain in the cab with Sullivan.

"No, sir," said the driver. "You must get back out of the way. I'm goin' to charge that house, and there's danger of gettin' hurt. Besides, there's too many here."

"It's a terrible risk, Sullivan," said Jack.



"Losin' your nerve?" queried the engineer.

"I guess so. If I was only in front with you to see what was doing—"

"It's no use. I won't have you. It'll be no fun here when she bumps."

"Do you think she'll really get through? Won't it derail the train?" asked Jack nervously.

"Not likely. The house is a flimsily built shack."

"Perhaps we'd better uncouple the cars."

"No," said Sullivan, firmly. "We want their weight behind."

During this conversation the train had backed nearly a mile. Suddenly it slowed down and stopped. Jack climbed down from the cab at Sullivan's request, and retired to the smoking-car.

Then Sullivan opened the throttle and the express shot forward. He let her out the last notch of speed. As she sped her wheels scarcely seemed to touch, and only the bump and jar of the flattened drivers could be felt throbbing throughout the train.

In the cars the sudden change of direction, and the terrific speed at which the train was now shooting forward had thrown the passengers into a species of panic. But before they quite realized what was happening the thing was over. With scarcely more than a jar the carriages were flying through the debris of the ill-fated house. The engine had crashed through the flimsy obstruction, and the train was still on the rails.

But on the engine Sullivan was now dismally contemplating a fresh and perhaps more serious disaster. As the engine met the house there was a crash like the overturning of a load of timber, and the huge machine shivered. Then Sullivan sprang up with a wild Irish yell. But the sound died in his throat when he glanced out along the top of his boiler. He seized the throttle and cut off steam. The headlight was out, there was no sign of the smokestack, and in addition, about half the iron jacket was stripped off the boiler.

"Great Jehosophat!" exclaimed the fireman. "We'll get a good way with this mess of scrap-iron, I don't think!"

"Shut up!" growled Sullivan. The train came to a halt, and he ran round to the front of the engine to survey the damage it had sustained.

The smokestack was torn off at its base, leaving only the broken ring to which it had been bolted. Through the gaping hole the smoke was pouring in a black cloud.

"You'll never get to Arundel under your own steam, Sullivan," declared the stoker.

"Won't I?" growled the driver, surlily. "Watch me! I've never been towed yet. When we do get in, young man, I'll give you a proper licking for suggesting it."

The passengers had all swarmed out again now. Close by Jack, watching the wreck with a satisfied smile, stood the little lawyer, Aylward.

"She'll stay here all right for the rest of the night, I guess," he remarked to Colonel Carson.

Sullivan overheard the remark, and, looking viciously at Aylward, cried: "You can bet your swate life she won't." Then to Jack he threw an encouraging statement. "We ain't dead yet, sir. Kape a stiff upper lip."

In half an hour, by the help of his tools and a saw from the baggage-car, Sullivan had built a wooden smokestack by sticking the ends of planks down into the smoke arch. Then they were ready to go on.

It was nine-thirty with still a hundred miles to go. For all they knew there might be other obstructions ahead of them. From Aylward Jack presently learned for certain that he was not at the end of his troubles. He had heard the lawyer remark to Colonel Carson: "It's too early to give up the game."

Jack turned and looked at Aylward. "So you don't consider yourself beaten yet, Mr. Aylward?" he remarked coolly.

"I don't consider that you have won, young man. In fact, you are too late—too late, do you hear?" Aylward snapped open his watch and glanced at it. "For your information I'll tell you that a gang of Italians under Jenkins are at this moment laying Kansas Central rails across this line. This express will be held up there, and Jenkins will see that she doesn't get by that point. So, Master Fletcher, you will fail in both your hopes tonight. You can't stop our rails being laid, and your train will not get to Arundel in time to prevent your rails being torn up."

Jack, although hope was now almost dead in him, managed to smile sarcastically. He could not trust himself to utter a word. After a few minutes he made his way to Sullivan again through the baggage-car.

To the driver he repeated Aylward's words.

"We're beat, then," said the driver dismally.

"It looks as if we've no hope," replied Jack. "They may be laying the cross rails this very moment."

Involuntarily Sullivan let out the lever another notch, and the wounded engine leaped forward as if under the spur.

"She's making about all I dare let her," said the Irishman sadly. "If it was any other line on earth but this rotten one—"

He checked himself suddenly.

"What was that?" he asked eagerly. "That flash ahead of us. It must be a locomotive and the stoker just opened the fire-box to shovel in coal."

"A locomotive on our road? Impossible," said Jack. "There's nothing ahead of us."

"Not on our road," said Sullivan gravely. "But you know the Kansas Central were building up their track from Goldstone. They have a construction train with them, of course. That was where the flash of light came from."

Jack, breathless, laid a hand on Sullivan's arm.

"Let her out to the last notch," he cried.

"The job may be done now," sighed Sullivan as he did so.

The locomotive rocked like a wobbly cradle. The pace, for a half-wrecked engine, was terrific.

Jack again clutched Sullivan's arm as he caught sight of a red light flashed out between the rails ahead.

Someone had turned a curve with a danger signal and was waving it vigorously across the track.

"Stop! stop!" cried Jack. "They've got the rails up. We'll be wrecked, and it's my fault."

Sullivan reduced the speed, but the grim look



on his face showed he had no intention of bringing the train to a standstill till he had rounded the curve and [saw the situation for himself.

"Don't lose your pluck, sir," he said to Jack. "They've sent that spalpeen a long way ahead to flag us; but nothing but a torn-up rail will stop us now."

A moment later they turned the curve, and a scene of activity burst into view that brought a cry of despair to Jack's lips.

Gasoline torches burned beside the track. There was a crowd of hurrying workmen in the path of the express. At one side stood a locomotive on the newly laid track to Goldstone.

"They've done it!" gasped Jack.

"We'll make sure of that," cried Sullivan, and his whistle screeched.

The laborers scattered. All but one man cleared off the track. He was a grizzled haired, broad-backed fellow, and was working with all his might pulling a spike from one of the branch rails.

"That's Jenkins himself!" yelled Sullivan. The man's face was plainly visible in the light of the torches.

All three occupants of the cab shouted to the determined man, but he only bent more forcefully to the task which his Italian laborers had skulked from at the first scent of danger.

In an instant the engine was fairly upon him. The pilot struck the instrument he was using, and man and spike-puller were tossed unceremoniously into the ditch.

The express came to a halt with a jar. The loose rail moved under the drivers, but she kept the track, and the place where the rail spread was between the engine and the tender.

It was a narrow escape, but the express had arrived in the nick of time.

One part of Jack's self-imposed task was done, but the minutes were flying past with unfeeling swiftness. Arundel had to be reached by twelve o'clock.

"Can we spike that rail down again, Sullivan—can we do it?" Jack cried to Sullivan.

Sullivan shouted to his stoker to hand him out a sledge. He already had a spike. They sprung the rail back as far as possible into place, and Sullivan drove the spike home.

"I can haul her over that with care," he said.

"Well, then, start her up. We haven't a moment to spare, and we can't waste any on these blackguards here. Stop the train when the observation-car is exactly over the crossing. We'll uncouple it and let it stand there."

"But it won't hold that gang ten minutes after we're gone."

"It *will*," said Jack with conviction. "We've got two Winchesters and a revolver on the train and I'll leave Winter and two of the brakemen to hold them off with them."

It was eleven-fifteen when the express, leaving the observation-car behind and garrisoned, pulled out again for Arundel.

"Glory be!" ejaculated Sullivan, as Jack climbed into the cab. "Three-quarters of an hour to midnight and fifty miles to go."

"Make her go, Sullivan! Make her go!" shouted Jack. "We simply must do it."

The engine bounded over the rails like a rubber ball, while Jack hung on for sheer life. He would not leave the locomotive "If there's

an accident now I don't want to come out alive," he told Sullivan.

Mile after mile spun out behind them as they shrieked round curves, thundered over trestles, and darted with a roar through the deep cuts in the hills. Luckily the road was now almost level.

"What are we doing, Sullivan?" Jack yelled presently.

"Over ninety miles an hour this bit," screamed Sullivan.

On and on they flew. Ten minutes to twelve it was now by Jack's watch. Suddenly they rounded a curve and a light burst into view.

"What is it?" Jack gasped.

Before Sullivan could answer they were passing the light. It was a bonfire of ties beside the track, and a crowd of astonished men were standing by it.

"Arundel!" yelled the fireman.

They were over the County line. Once again the express was in the nick of time. The men beside the track were the laborers who had been hired by the Kansas Central to pull up the Sunset tracks on the stroke of twelve. But the franchise was saved with over five minutes to spare.

The train slowed down and came to a halt. Sullivan leaped down from the cab, dragging his stoker with him.

"Did I get it under my own steam, you spalpeen?" he roared.

The stoker had to admit it.

"Then put up yer fists. I'm goin' to give you that lickin' I promised you."

Jack reached the platform just in time to spoil a good fight.

\* \* \* \* \*

Three hours later John Fletcher reached Arundel in a special. Coleman had found him and explained all he knew of the mysterious disappearance of the express. When the president reached headquarters a message from the injured operator at Bywater had at last arrived telling of the switching of the express on to the Arundel line.

Wild with rage against his nephew, the president had made a record run in a hastily prepared special. At Arundel he found that Jack had been in bed for two and a half hours, but Sullivan, who was gloriously celebrating the affair, explained vaguely, but sufficiently.

The president declined to have Jack disturbed then; but in the morning, after breakfasting comfortably together, he carried Jack and his friend Kenneth Webster back to Bywater in his special, and from there took them right on to Denver.

"Take all the holiday you want, my boy," were his parting words. "When you come back I'll have something important to talk to you about."

It does not always do to agree with one's friends. The other day a youth was telling a friend of some silly thing he had done, and said:

"You know what a silly idiot I am?"

All innocently the other answered, "Yes," and his friend refused to continue his story any further.



## TRACKS OF MEN AND HORSES

**I**N walking, a man puts the whole flat of his foot on the ground, each foot a little under a yard from the other.

In running, the toes are more deeply dug into the ground, and a little dirt is kicked up, and the feet are more than a yard apart. Sometimes men walk backwards in order to deceive anyone who may be tracking, but a good scout can generally tell this at once by the stride being shorter, the toes more turned in, and the heels being tightly impressed.

With animals, if they are moving fast, their toes are more deeply dug into the ground, and they kick up the dirt, and their paces are longer than when going slowly.

You ought to be able to tell the pace at which a horse has been going directly you see the tracks.

At a walk the horse makes two pair of hoof-prints—the near (left) hind foot close in front of near forefoot mark, and the off (right) forefoot similarly just behind the print of the off hindfoot.

At a trot the track is similar but the stride is longer.

The hindfeet are generally longer and narrower in shape than the forefeet.

Native trackers boast that not only can they tell a person's sex and age by their tracks, but also their characters. They say that people who turn out their toes much are generally "liars."

It was a trick with highwaymen of old, and with horse-stealers more recently, to put their horses' shoes on the wrong way round in order to deceive trackers who might try to follow them up, but a good tracker would not be taken in. Similarly, thieves often walk backwards for the same reason, but a clever tracker will very soon recognize the deception.

In addition to learning to recognize the pace of tracks, you should be able to know how old they are. This is a most important point, and requires a very great amount of practice and experience before you can judge it really well.

So much depends upon the state of the ground and weather, and its effects on the "spoor."

If you follow one track, say on a dry, windy day, over varying ground, you will find that when it is on light, sandy soil it will look old in a very short time, because any damp earth that it may kick up from under the surface will dry very rapidly to the same color as the surface dust, and the sharp edges of the foot-mark will soon be rounded off by the breeze playing over the dry dust in which they are formed.

When it gets into damp ground, the same track will look much fresher, because the sun will have only partially dried up the upturned soil, and the wind will not, therefore, have bevelled off the sharp edges of the impression, and if it gets into damp clay, under shade of trees, etc., where the sun does not get at it, the same track, which may have looked a day old in the sand, will here look quite fresh.

Of course, a great clue to the age of tracks will often be found in spots of rain having fallen on them since they were made (if you know at what time the rain fell), dust or grass seeds blown into them (if you noticed at what

time the wind was blowing), or the crossing of other tracks over the original ones, or where the grass has been trodden down, the extent to which it has since dried or withered. In following a horse, the length of time since it passed can also be judged by the freshness, or otherwise, of its droppings—due allowance being made for the effect of sun, rain, or birds, and so on upon them.

Having learnt to distinguish the pace and age of spoor, you should then know how to follow it over all kinds of ground. This is an accomplishment that you can practise all your life and still find yourself learning at the end of it, because you will find yourself continually improving.

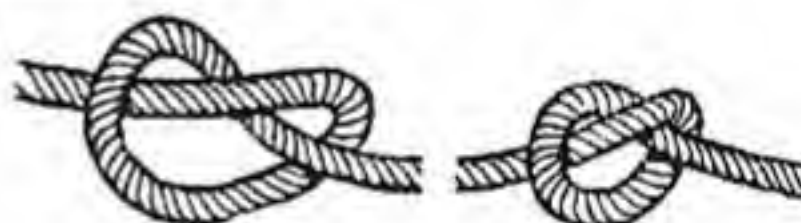
## KNOTS WORTH KNOWING

### How to Tie Some Useful Knots

Several of the finest knots known to sailors, scaffolders, steeple-jacks, and the like, will be described and illustrated in these little articles.

They are contrived so as to hold securely and not to slip, while they can be loosened very quickly even after they have been drawn very tight. And they are quite easy to make. A sharp chap will master each knot pretty quickly by practicing the knots with a piece of new cord or rope.

In the explanations which are given the standing part of a rope means the main part, or long portion; the loop (most knots begin with a loop) is termed the bight, and the short part of the rope, which is used in forming the knots, is called the end.



**Overhand knots.**

The commonest knot that is made is the overhand knot. The standing part of the rope is held in the left hand, while the end is passed back over it and put through the bight.

Thousands of people are unable to tie any other knot. It is a good enough knot for some ordinary purposes, and it can be tied in a second, but it has serious faults—it jams when drawn very tight, and the rope, when a lot of weight is thrown upon it, is liable to part where the knot is, on account of the turns being so short.

The overhand knot is often used at the end of a rope to prevent the strands from fraying out, and it sometimes comes handy when a large knot is required at the end of a rope as a stopper knot.

In forming the knot, if you pass the end of the cord twice through the loop before pulling it tight you get the double overhand knot; by passing the end through three times you get the treble knot, and so on. These trebles and fourfold knots are used on the thongs of whips, and they look very firm and neat.

*(We shall tell you in each issue how to tie a fresh knot. Learn this one before the next appears.)*





**P**ETE SWANSON was a surly man. He never had a pleasant word for anybody. Morning after morning he left his little cabin and stumbled along the trail to his bit of a claim, with shovel and pick on his shoulder. His hat was drawn low to shade his eyes, and he neither gave nor returned a greeting.

When the surly demon that possessed him relaxed its hold and allowed him to talk, his tale was all of hard luck. Hard luck had pursued him from childhood to the present hour.

He usually grew excited when he began his story of misfortune, and ended by cursing his lot, and all who offered him sympathy. So, when his claim failed suddenly, the miners just merely shrugged their shoulders.

They had long ago named him Hard-Luck Pete. His attitude seemed to invite misfortune. Men came to accept, with regard to him, his own gloomy creed.

One afternoon, Hard-Luck Pete passed through a group of men in front of the provision store. He answered their greetings with a short nod, and some faint stirrings of comradeship among them died out at the rebuff.

"He's an ugly-tempered brute," said one.

"He looks as if he didn't get enough to eat," remarked another.

The storekeeper sauntered out, thumbs in pockets.

"Talking about Hard-Luck Pete?" he questioned. "He hasn't been inside the store, for a week. Wonder what he lives on!"

"My woman took him over some supper the other night," went on the first speaker. "Do

you think he'd eat it? Not much. He told her to take her victuals to them as wanted 'em."

"That's Pete all over! Never would take what he couldn't pay for."

They watched him out of sight, and then forgot him in some other topic.

Meanwhile Pete strode along the main street of the little mining town, and so out into the open country.

In truth, he was hungry and close to despair. In his black mood he felt that every man's hand was against him. He had brought his pick only from force of habit. No thought of locating a new claim was in his mind. His one wish was to get quite away from the scene of his recent disappointment.

So he struck off in the direction of the mountains, and turned toward one of the canyons that cut their front so deeply.

No unhappier man than Pete ever walked uncheered through the glory of a spring afternoon. Yet his heart craved both sunshine and sympathy.

No wife or child awaited him anywhere. He had shut love out of his life, and he was very lonely. As he strode along he wondered why he cared so much, after all, for the elusive gold. What should he do with it?

The blackness of despair fell upon him, and his soul cried out to him in the world-old question "What's the use?"

No suffering is keener. Its only antidote is to find something to do for somebody. Pete did not know this; he would not have believed it; but the lesson was close at hand.



As he strode on into the shadow of the canyon, which seemed so in harmony with his mood, he heard a cry of distress. It startled him from his thoughts, and he looked about to learn the cause.

The canyon walls towered above him to the height of a hundred feet, almost perpendicular. Great boulders pushed their way out through sand and shale, but only a few trees had obtained a foothold.

At first he could see no one who could have uttered that distressful cry. Yet, suddenly, it came again with more urgency from a point directly overhead.

Pete looked up. There, clinging to a sharp rock fifteen or twenty feet below the canyon's rim, was a tawny collie dog. He had, perhaps, chased a rabbit too eagerly, and so lost his footing. He clung to the narrow ledge of rock, unable to get up or down.

Pete saw the dog's eyes looking into his with an appeal so intense that he felt the stirring of unwonted pity at the bottom of his sluggish heart.

The collie was agonizingly aware of his peril. Life was very sweet to him. Now he believed that he saw help approaching, and he gave his cause into the hands of his most powerful friend, man, with a mighty prayer for deliverance.

Pete surveyed the canyon wall carefully. No trees grew at this point, only bushes. No trail led to the top.

"I'm sorry, pup," said Pete slowly, "but I don't see's I can help you."

The dog's appeal had touched him. Unwilling to see the final struggle, he turned to leave the canyon. Instantly the collie renewed his cry, and this time it had the sharpness of despair.

Man, his friend, was failing him, and he knew no higher help. He must go clutching, struggling down into the black gulf of death that yawned for him! Then Pete stopped, and turned back once more.

"You're in hard luck, too, poor brute," he muttered.

He stood uncertain, shifting his feet. No instinct warned him that he was at the turning of the ways, that the desire to help was an angel hand to lift him out of his apathy. But he was conscious of a quickening pulse, a clearness of purpose that had been foreign to him for some time.

He threw off his hat and coat.

"I'm agoin' to save you, if it's to be done!" he exclaimed. "Jes' because you're so all-fired onlucky."

He took up his pick and began a slow, cautious ascent of the canyon wall, examining the ground thoroughly. For a few feet he found it possible to climb with the aid of bushes. Then, bracing his feet, he selected a dark spot in the surrounding shale and hollowed out a foothold in it with the pick.

As he had hoped, the darker earth held firm. He drew himself up. Resting there, he looked for another darker outcropping above him.

The collie had not made a sound since the man began his ascent. He clung motionless to the rock and waited. Even in the waning light, Pete could see his eyes gleaming like green jewels in his tawny head.

Slowly Pete advanced, hewing out each foothold with painstaking care, until he reached a point about ten feet below the rock. Then, when success was just within reach, he came face to face with what seemed an insurmountable difficulty.

For, as he stood there and looked above him for one more firm resting-place within reach of the spot where the dog was imprisoned, he found none. The wall at this point rose sheer and forbidding. It seemed that nothing less than a creature with wings could have found a resting-place.

Directly over his head he could see the anxious eyes and quivering nose of the collie, as hopelessly out of reach as from the canyon bottom.

Pete stood still, baffled. He could climb no higher. His disappointment was so keen as to surprise him.

His first impulse to help had been a mere stirring of unwonted friendliness. But during his slow, painful climb it had grown into a fixed purpose. So he stood in earnest study of the situation, while the flame in the collie's eyes above him burned with a light ever more intense.

At last Pete moved.

"It may mean my fool life," he said aloud, "but it's the only way I see."

He turned slowly and lowered himself into the second foothold. Then, bracing himself as firmly as possible, he drove the pick into the firm earth of the foothold above him. He then bore his weight on the pick. It held. He pulled at it sharply, swinging his feet from the ground. Still it held.

Then Pete drew a deep breath and raised his head.

"Jump!" he commanded the collie, poised above him.

The dog's eyes grew wild with anxiety. That he understood the command was evident. But he crouched on the rock, motionless.

"Jump!" commanded Pete sharply.

A shiver ran through the dog's body. He uttered a mournful howl.

Pete threw back his head until his eyes looked squarely into the dog's.

"Jump!" he shouted again.

The dog jumped.

Pete felt an avalanche of dirt and stones about him. Then came the shock!

For a moment he lost his footing entirely, and man and dog hung, swaying dizzily, over the chasm. The sweat stood out on Pete's forehead, his sight wavered; but at last his feet touched the earth once more, his arm got a firm grasp of the collie's body! They were safe!

When they reached the canyon bottom the man leaned, exhausted, against a rock. But not so the dog. He ran about like a mad thing, leaping over rocks and tree-trunks.

Shrill barks burst from him; he trembled and frothed at the mouth. His joy was an agony; it demanded physical expression. Never had Pete seen such convulsive emotion.

At last he called the dog to him. The collie obeyed at once, and sank exhausted at his feet with adoring eyes.

As darkness fell, Pete rose to go. The dog jumped to his feet at once, prepared to follow. Henceforth he knew only this man who had saved him.



Pete felt no surprise at this, only a queer sense of comfort at the touch of the dog's tongue on his hand. So they walked, side by side, along their homeward way.

When they reached the cabin, Pete lighted his lamp and gave the dog what scraps of food he could find. For himself there was nothing. But, strangely enough, the bitterness of his mood was gone. He even whistled softly to himself as he took off his coat and cap and threw them over a chair.

From the pockets and creases of his coat dirt fell in a shower. He stooped to brush it aside—then he stopped, amazed, not believing his

eyes. Scattered here and there through the lumps of dirt were tiny particles of gold!

\* \* \* \* \*

A gray-haired man goes in and out of a house on one of San Francisco's hills. A woman waves greeting to him from the window. In the yard children play with a collie dog grown fat with years.

It is Peter Swanson, owner of "The Lucky Dog," a small mine, but exceedingly rich in its output. His neighbors know him as a kindly man, and generous to those who are down on their luck.



**T**HROUGHOUT the whole term there had been fewer lines and impositions arising from dormitory irregularity than had been known throughout the whole modern history of Hailsham. It arose from no increase of virtue among the fellows themselves. On the contrary, dormitory feuds and raids as well as dormitory banquets had grown even more general than they had ever been before.

If any Hailsham fellow had been asked the reason of this welcome state of affairs he undoubtedly would have attributed it solely to Faversham's scouts. Faversham himself, the originator of this renowned body, had an elder brother, who, after several years' residence at the cape, had served his country throughout the late Boer War in the ranks of the National Scouts. The romance surrounding the elder brother's career had so impressed itself upon the younger Faversham that during the next term he instituted at Hailsham such an extensive system of sentinels and espionage as to reduce the danger of surprise visits, both to the authorities and of rival dormitories, to a minimum. The corps that bore his name did not wait long to establish its reputation.

It was at a somewhat extensive supper given by Bellingham in the large dormitory, when at an early hour in the morning, the

festivities being then at their height, a strange figure quietly opened the door and casually announced that there was no possible need to hurry, but that things should be put quietly in their places, and that there should be a return to bed.

"I'll give you about three minutes, but don't fluster," he remarked—and vanished.

Some three or four minutes later, when the majority were emitting different notes from their nostrils to represent a snore, and four or five of the more restless were grumbling about false alarms, the door noiselessly opened, and Mr. Dunbrough himself, in stockinged feet, made a systematic perambulation of the room.

From that night the fame of the corps was established. Application for admission was made from all directions—and refused. Small stealthy figures, flitting by night silently along corridor and staircase, became a frequent sight to the sixth form fellows on patrol duty. In many a dormitory a door would open—causing some of its inmates to start round in fear of a surprise visit from a master, and others to seize their bolsters in dread of an advancing foe—only to reveal a small fellow with bare feet and trousers drawn over his nightshirt. Upon his breast would be a large red S painted on a piece of paper. This badge was his security. Fellows recognized that he formed their protection against their common foe—the authorities—in their prohibited amusements, and he came and went peacefully, and at will.

The sixth-formers at first were chary of allowing these midnight wanderers, but, finding



that fewer breaches of regulations—for which they were responsible—were discovered at headquarters, owing to the diligence of this small body, they became more tolerant.

After a time, however, one section of the community waxed less enthusiastic. This was especially so when dormitory No. 4 attempted a midnight raid upon the occupants of No. 2, over which ruled Hamilton, a friend of Faversham. After stealing noiselessly to the attack, and bursting upon the unsuspecting victims, they were greeted from above by a substantial shower of boots, which had been balanced between the top and the lintel of the door. These, after greeting them, fell upon a mattress arranged beneath for their reception, so that as little noise should be made as possible. At the same time out of the darkness came the galling fire of two football-pumps filled with water, which were carefully aimed so as to empty their contents outside in the passage. When thereupon the invaders sounded a retreat, and found that their own beds had in the meantime been "ragged," they were unanimous in classifying it as the handiwork of Faversham's Scouts. Thenceforth scouting became a work of danger as well as of honor. Once or twice a scout returned in doleful condition, having been ducked in cold water and tossed in a blanket by persons unknown. But this is no wise damped the ardor either of the few limited members of the corps or of the many candidates for admission to its ranks. The danger added a yet greater spice of romance to an already romantic calling. In fact, many reputable authorities were heard to declare that they would rather be a scout than in the Eleven itself.

One afternoon Faversham sent for the subaltern of his corps.

"Fawcett, you will remember my entertainment in the dormitory next Saturday night?" he remarked.

Fawcett nodded familiarly.

"It's to be a large affair," continued his chief, somewhat pompously. "Hamilton and Atherlye are giving comic recitations in costume, and I am staging that dialogue Bellingham has written."

"And the grub is to be tremendous, I hear?" interposed his lieutenant.

"Yes, the refreshments will be plentiful," continued the future host, complacently. "But there is a matter on which I want your advice. Nicols was on duty last night and reports to me that Tupper and his crew are up to mischief."

Fawcett nodded again and sat down.

"I have been expecting it for a long time," said Faversham. "All those beasts in No. 4 are awfully jealous of the Scouts. Now, on Saturday they want to disgrace the corps by either raiding us in force, or else by getting the whole show held up by the authorities."

"You may put your buttons on it," characteristically assented the second in command.

"Shall we balk them by altering the date?" asked Faversham.

Fawcett produced a note-book with an official air.

"No, Saturday would be the best date for it," he observed. "Dunbrough is going into

town that night, and Schofield is dining with Mrs. and Miss Pussy, so that disposes of both the masters. As for old Pussy himself," he continued, referring to the Rev. A. F. Purcell, "it is his turn to preach on Sunday, so he will be safe in his study writing his sermon."

"Which of our men are on duty that night?"

"Nicols and Allen, but we can have all the force of sentry go if you like," Fawcett answered.

"No, that won't do," returned Faversham quickly. "I can only have the usual number. The rest I am training to put the stage away and make things ship-shape at a moment's notice. Each one is to have his own special part to do, like firemen working a fire-engine. When the alarm comes I can't have all my men dashing about aimlessly like young buffaloes. You must give us at least four minutes' warning, Fawcett."

"Very good," he answered. "I'll be on duty myself."

"By the way," remarked his superior, motioning to a small fair boy who was standing behind his chair, "this is my cousin Clifford. I daresay you know him. However, I have long promised him our next vacancy, and also to take him on if we ever want any extra help. Take him round with you and try him, Fawcett, next Saturday night. He may be of some use, for he hits well and uses all his weight."

Fawcett inspected the recruit critically.

"Very good. Be ready next Saturday night," he said, turning to Clifford, "and in the meantime," he continued meaningly, "keep your tongue quiet."

\* \* \* \* \*

Scarcely had the dormitory bell rung "lights out" the following Saturday night, when Clifford, lying partially dressed under the clothes, felt someone steal up to his bed out of the darkness. It was Fawcett.

"Are you ready?" he whispered. "No, put on your coat and black socks, if you please. I want to have you as dark as possible," he explained, as Clifford crept noiselessly out of bed.

In a couple of minutes they were creeping out of the quiet small dormitory in which Clifford slept into the passage beyond.

The secrecy, the darkness, and the whole mystery of the thing exhilarated Clifford like a stimulant.

The passage was cold and dimly lighted.

Softly in his stockinged feet he followed the noiseless footsteps of his companion along the stairs and corridors.

At the other end of the long lighted passages they perceived a tall figure walking away from them.

Fawcett held Clifford back. "A sixth-form chap on patrol duty," he whispered; "it doesn't matter, but it's no use him seeing us."

"Won't he interrupt the feed?" questioned Clifford.

His companion shook his head. "He won't mind. Most likely going himself. Come on," he added, and flitted down some back stairs.

They came at length to the beginning of a corridor in utter darkness. "Tupper's crew live up there," Fawcett whispered again, and



kneeling down flipped the skirting-board sharply with his nail, and bent low his head.

Faintly out of the darkness came two answering taps.

"That's Nicols up there," he explained. "He's shadowing them."

Thence they quietly made their way to the door of Faversham's dormitory—now temporarily converted into a banquet hall. The guests were beginning to arrive in guilty-looking twos and threes, and from within there sounded a clatter of plates and other busy preparations. Outside the door stood the door-keeper—the sturdy sergeant of the corps.

With him Fawcett softly conversed for a few moments, and at length borrowed a chair. Bearing this article of furniture between them, Clifford and his leader took their departure farther along the passage to a point where, fixed high upon the wall, was a powerful electric

left bright streaks of light shone steadily upon the floor. This was Pussy's study.

"He's in there, so be careful," murmured Fawcett, and beckoned his companion along the hall to a door beneath the flight of stairs they had just descended.

The upper panels of the door were glazed, but whitewashed from within to render them opaque. Clifford knew it at once as the house-keeper's storeroom. From his pocket Fawcett produced a key which he fitted into the lock.

"This is one of our sentry-boxes," he whispered; "in you go!"

A spacious cupboard lined with shelves of tins and jam-pots was revealed.

"What a lot of grub!" Clifford could not help remarking softly.

His guide reproved him.

"The Scouts are not thieves," he remarked sententiously. "Now let me point out the strategical importance of this position. Firstly, you see this bolt. I put it on myself. We can fasten ourselves in—so! Secondly, through that little bit of pane where the whitewash has been scratched away, we can watch Pussy's door; and lastly, you can see those two white strings running up that corner? Those are the wires connecting the push in Pussy's study and the electric bell upstairs, which I manipulated just now. Observe that here the isolating covering of non-conducting grease and cotton has been stripped off the two wires, thus exposing the copper strands. Press the two wires together in that place—no, don't do it now, whatever you do! However, if you did the bell upstairs would ring just the same as if you pressed the push in Pussy's study, for the circuit is thus completed by the junction of the two wires, and the current would run. If Pussy leaves his study to go upstairs, I should press them. As there is no bell, the hammer would merely vibrate by itself, with only enough noise to attract the attention of the door-keeper on the watch. I ring three times for an ordinary warning, but only once if very urgent."

"But we meanwhile—?" questioned Clifford.

"Would remain here!"

"But our empty beds?"

"My dear fellow," replied Fawcett, "if you were to see your bed now you would find it occupied by a pile of things with the bed-clothes tastefully arranged over them, and a dark object on the pillow half covered with the sheet. Allen makes it his specialty. It's not an infallible trick, of course, but quite sparky enough to pass in a scrum."

"Wonderful!" admitted Clifford, but his admiration was cut short by his leader. "Don't talk," he ordered. "Listen."

How long it was that they watched Clifford did not know. But still no sounds came from the study, nor did the gleams of light die away under the door. At length, however, a noise reached them, faintly, as if from upstairs. It sounded like a shuffle far up in the dormitory corridors.

"What is that?" whispered Fawcett, and they both listened.

There was no further sound in the dark, silent house, however.

"I must go and see what it is," said Fawcett, at length. "It may be old Schofield on the



He flipped the skirting board sharply with his nail.

bell which communicated with, and was set in motion by, a press button in Mr. Purcell's own study. Standing upon the chair, Fawcett quietly unscrewed and removed the gong on which the hammer sounded. Then he returned the chair to the dormitory he had borrowed it from.

"Now," he whispered, "we are ready. Come on," and followed by Clifford descended the big dark staircase which led to the silent, deserted class-rooms.

"Nicols is shadowing Tupper, and Allen is following Mr. Schofield. We watch the great Pussy himself," volunteered the guide. "Tupper dare not try an attack himself," he continued. "He would be recognized by all the big fellows, and fairly slain tomorrow. What they will do, I am sure, is to try and rouse either Mr. Schofield or Old Pussy to make a raid. We must be careful."

The staircase was of stone, and felt cold to their unshod feet. Only by following the banisters could they proceed through the intense darkness. Another turn, however, brought them to a broad flagged hall, faintly lighted by an oil lamp. But from beneath a door upon the



ramp. Remember, the honor of the corps depends on us. Here, let me out. You stop here, and don't bolt the door in case I come back."

Then Fawcett rose, glided out into the dim hall, and disappeared noiselessly.

Clifford remained crouching in a dark corner of the store cupboard among the jampots.

Minutes passed slowly, with leaden wings. The absolute silence oppressed him. Far away he could hear the heavy ticking of a grandfather clock. He knew where it stood—opposite the Head's drawing-room door. He wouldn't have thought he could have heard it all that way. Still Fawcett did not return.

He heard faintly the hundred and one soft, inexplicable noises that occur in old houses at night.

At length—it seemed to him after an age—he heard stealthy footsteps descending the stairs above his head. Fawcett returning, no doubt.

But there seemed more than one—doubtless some more Scouts were with him.

Clifford peered anxiously through the glass spy-hole. Three tall fellows stood whispering together at the foot of the stairs, and he saw at a glance none of them wore the Scout's badge—in fact, they were Tupper and two of his friends.

The door of the store-room was ajar for Fawcett's return—to close it now would be to reveal himself.

The trio conversed together softly but anxiously; at length they all advanced to the door of the store-cupboard in which Clifford was hidden. The would-be Scout turned up his coat-collar, rammed his hands into his pockets, so as to show as little white as possible, and crouched lower in the dark corner. Fawcett's foresight in making him wear a coat was apparent.

Tupper pulled open the door. In his hand he held a key.

"I found this in Fawcett's pocket," he said softly to his companions, "and as there was a label on it I discovered the brute's retreat."

"Are you sure you have got all the Scouts?" asked Doyle, one of his followers.

"Every man Jack tied up in our dormitory, except the door-keeper," answered Tupper gleefully. "We didn't dare tackle him, because he could call for help. Fawcett gave the most trouble."

"Having collared all the Scouts, what now?" asked the third of the band.

"To rouse old Pussy on the trail when they have no Scouts to warn them," returned the chief softly.

"It is too far a run up the staircase afterwards," he added solemnly, as if calculating the distance, "so this will be a good retreat. Doyle will hold this door open for us while we make a real picnic of a din outside Pussy's door. Then we skip back here for shelter. The old man will get in no end of a rage at such a row, and will fly upstairs to the dormitories, and Faversham's feasters, having no Scouts left to warn them, will be nicely copped."

"Good!" agreed one of his companions, chuckling. "The Scouts can't scheme against you, Tupper."

"Come on," said the chief, "there's no time to lose. Hold the door open, Doyle, and be ready."

Scarcely had the items of this neat plan reached the ears of Clifford in his dark corner, than he felt gently for the electric wires, and pressed them together with a steady grip.

The two tall figures crept forward in the direction of the study. As Doyle stood half out in the passage, holding open the storeroom door, Clifford, with a sudden spring, gave him an irresistible push in the centre of the back which sent that gentleman spinning toward his companions. Then, swiftly, Clifford pulled the door to upon himself and shot the bolt. It was well-timed, for almost contemporaneously Tupper and his friend raised their uproar outside the study door. A second more and they were flying back to safety, only to find the store-room door shut in their faces. They tugged and strained, but the bolt held good. Then they tried the stairs, but too late. Mr. Purcell's tall form was amongst them ere they gained the bottom steps.

"Tupper, Doyle, and Wyatt! how dare you, sirs! Come in here!" exclaimed the enraged master, as he motioned them inside his study.

Two minutes later he departed upstairs to inspect the dormitories, but thanks to Clifford's timely signal Faversham and his guests were safe in their virtuous couches simulating the sleep of the just.

On the next day Clifford was enrolled a regular member of Faversham's Scouts.

## MAXIMS FOR SCOUTS

A good scout is full of resource. He can find a way out of any difficulty or discomfort.

One of the chief duties of a scout is to help those in distress in any possible way that he can.

It is a disgrace to a scout if, when he is with other people, they see anything big or little, near or far, high or low, that he has not already seen for himself.

The fellow who has to turn his hand to many things, as the scout does in camp, finds that he is more easily able to obtain employment, because he is ready to turn his hand to whatever kind of work may turn up.

In the old days the missionaries were the scouts of America, and their rules were very much the same as the scout law which we have now. We are descendants, and we ought to keep up their good name and follow in their steps.

Peace scouts can find their way anywhere; are able to read meaning from the smallest signs and foot tracks. They know how to look after their health when far away from any doctors; are strong and plucky, and ready to face any danger, and always keen to help each other.

If every boy works hard at scouting and really learns all that it teaches him, he will, at the end of it, have some claim to call himself a real man, and will find, if ever he goes on service or to a colony, that he will have no difficulty in looking after himself and in being really useful to his country.



## "BEGIN—BEGIN"

### A ROUSING TALK BY H. T. W. PELHAM

Could we have a more appropriate watchword than the following?—

Cease to dawdle, begin to run.  
Cease to talk, begin to fight.  
Cease to dream, begin to do.

A certain bad place has been said to be paved with good intentions, and certainly, if noble deeds always followed good intentions, this would, indeed, be an heroic age. Some of you boys have not yet begun to take a serious view of life.

I came across some lines the other day which are rather descriptive of some of the people I have known:

"He revelled beneath the moon,  
And slept beneath the sun,  
He lived a life of going to do,  
And died with nothing done."

Let us consider a few of the things which we might begin to do now.

#### Begin to Take Trouble

If you do not take some trouble about your career, it is certain that no one else can do it for you. Moreover, if you make no effort, you will find it difficult to keep out of the many pitfalls which be along the road.

Have you ever noticed a barge, or string of barges, floating with the tide up or down the river? Do you know why the bargemen are working so hard with those long oars, or sweeps, as they are called?

The explanation is that the barges cannot be steered unless there is some way on. The rudder will not act unless the barge is travelling faster than the tide, and but for the rowing the barge would sooner or later be carried broadside against some bridge, or stranded on the mud.

So it is far more difficult for the boy who is idle, or who takes little interest in his work, to resist the many dangers which surround the path of life.

If you have ever played chess, you will know how important it is to look on ahead, to plan out a scheme of attack, and, at the same time, to try to discover what your opponent's scheme is.

You will have little chance of winning your game, if you only think of your next move. So, in daily life, you must, to some extent, make out a plan for the future.

For instance, you may find it better to put up with lower wages now, if you get a chance of learning a trade; and it is certainly worth while to refuse a place with higher wages, if you find that you will be called upon in that place to say or do what is wrong, or will be exposed to exceptional temptation.

When the time of sowing comes, in the winter or spring, the farmer has to think what crops he wishes to gather in the autumn. Think out in the same way the plan of your future life, always remembering that the plan must be good for the next world as well as for this.

#### Begin to Trust

Has it ever occurred to you how much greater the unseen powers of the world are than those which are seen?

How small is the power of a steam engine when compared with the unseen power of gravitation, which makes things fall to the ground, and the rivers run down to the sea.

Look again at the trains on the Underground Railway. There is nothing which you can see to account for the quick starting and travelling of these heavy cars. The electric power comes through the rails; but, if you examine the rails, there is nothing to see of the wonderful current which comes through them from the far distant generating stations.

Now, the power which you need for your life is not to be found in yourself. No self-development will produce it. That power is away in God, but it can be obtained by you through faith in Him, through Jesus Christ.

But let your prayers be real; give up "saying" your prayers, and take to praying. Think for a moment what it is you need, and then just kneel down and ask God to give it to you, and expect to get it. Let your prayers be real business prayers.

#### Begin to Be Men

What foolish ideas some boys have of being manly. Many think it manly to drink and use bad language, and some lads waste their money in buying cheap cigarettes, which are generally made of very bad tobacco, just because they think it manly to do so.

There was a picture in *Punch* a little while ago of a big boy smoking a cigarette, and asking for a half ticket at the railway booking office. The clerk had a good look at him, and said, "Disgraceful; a kid like you smoking!" "Kid!" replied the boy; "why, I'm over fourteen." "Then," retorted the man, "you will take a man's ticket."

Now, it is not wicked for a boy to smoke, but it is injurious to your health, and bad for your pocket. But, above all things, there is nothing manly about it. The manliness which I want you to cultivate is a very different thing. Courage is my idea of manliness; courage to face danger, courage to persevere, courage to admit that you have done wrong, courage to stand alone, to be pure in thought and word, and truthful and honest in business, whatever the customs of trade may be.

"Quit ye like men."

#### Stick to It

"Begin" has been my motto. It is really a most important point.

But "stick to it" is also a very important maxim.

So my last word is "persevere." It is not all plain sailing when you have passed the harbor bar. There are hidden rocks and shallow waters even in the open sea.

A man is converted, and gives his heart to God. It is all-important that a man should do this, and realize that he has done it; but I would say to those who do not feel that their position is very secure—persevere.

Begin now, and persevere to the end.



# "THE TIGHTEST CORNER I WAS EVER IN";— OR WITHIN HALF A YARD OF DEATH

By S. F. EDGE

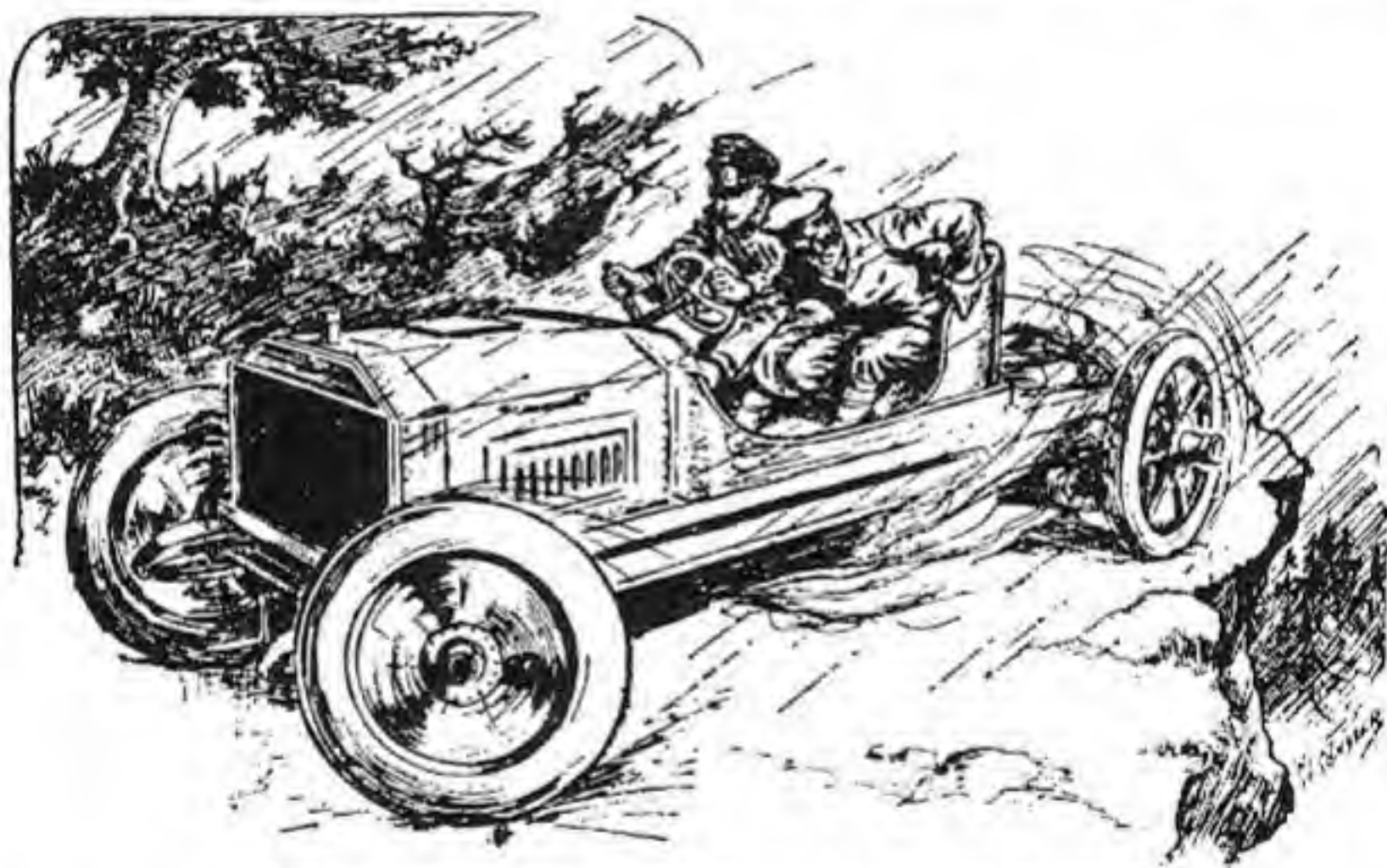
**A**S the greater part of my life is spent in contact with vehicles of high speed, it is, of course, inevitable that I should have had one or two more or less narrow escapes which might very easily have had a fatal termination. My escapes have extended over a pretty considerable period now, but really, considering what a great deal I have had to do with motoring, these adventures have been by no means so frequent as you might imagine.

One of the principal things that strikes me in connection with this matter is the fact that during the actual moments of danger the motorist's mind is not in the least concerned with the question of his own personal safety, but is wholly taken up with the possibility of

ignoring the return right-hand curve altogether.

In less time than it takes to tell, I saw a couple of heavy-looking gates loom up in front of the car, with a railway line behind them. The line ran along the top of a high embankment, up which the car was now rushing at full speed. I jammed on the brakes with all my strength, locking the wheels so suddenly that the car swung completely round twice and then pitched headlong down the embankment to the fields below. If we had struck a tree in that desperate fall, our fate would have been sealed, but it so happened that we escaped this misfortune, and actually came through the adventure unhurt.

Some peasants, who had been at work near



"Suddenly, without any warning, the car got quite out of control"

getting the car through without damage. It is not until afterwards that one has time to think about what might have happened to oneself.

I think that the two most exciting incidents which I have ever experienced were both in connection with the Gordon-Bennett Cup. In 1902, I entered for this contest, and was driving, with Cecil Edge as mechanic. The roads on the Continent are bordered at short intervals by trees on either side, and these are generally very useful to steer by when the road ahead is obscured by dust. In fact, under these circumstances, they form the sole guide as to the direction of the road's course. Upon the occasion in question, I was steering in this manner along a road which, as it transpired, curved in the shape of an S, and, only observing the left-hand bend, I made for the trees beyond,

by, ran to our assistance, and were very anxious to help in getting the car to rights again; but this we would not consent to, for if we had allowed them to help us we should have been disqualified from the race. Their astonishment was great when we refused their well-meant offers. We were wise to do so, however, as we soon got the motor going again and eventually had the satisfaction of winning the Cup, despite what might easily have proved to be a fatal mishap.

But my worst adventure befell me the next year during the trials for the Gordon-Bennett race of 1903. I had just had a number of repairs made in my car, and it was absolutely essential that I should go round the course to see that all was working smoothly. It was a pouring wet day, and the roads had had a coating of Westrumite, which made them

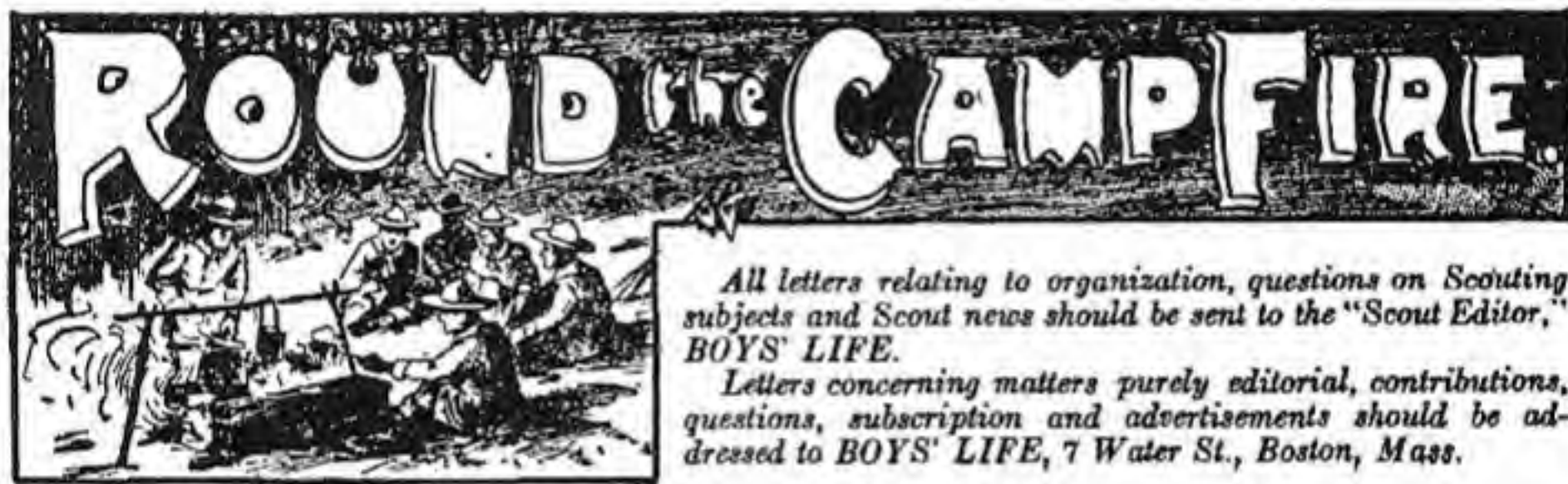


desperately slippery. However, we got going, and for some time everything went well. We had reached a steepish hill, where the road was very narrow and flanked on one side by a most precipitous decline, when suddenly, without any previous warning, the car got quite out of control. Finding myself unable to regain any power over the engine, I clapped on the brake as quickly as possible. The result was alarming in the extreme, for the locking of the wheels sent the whole motor skidding across the shiny roadway towards the edge of the precipice. Those were intensely trying moments as, with nerves at full strain and eyes staring straight before us, we slid bodily across the road to the very brink of the fatal gorge. Half a yard more and we should have been dashed to pieces, with the car like a sort of tombstone over our heads. As it was, that extra half-yard was never traversed, for fortunately the

wheels bit the road again, and we remained, saved by the skin of our teeth, upon the side of the road, peering down over the rocky wall which had so nearly proved to be our death-trap.

This narrow escape illustrated very forcibly a remark which I have made in the early part of this article about the action of the mind when in danger. Seeing how near we came to going over for good and all, I should have expected my chief thought to have been for the safety of my companion and self. As a matter of fact, while we shot across the roadway, my chief and all-absorbing thought was just this: "If the car does actually go down, what an awful job those who get it up again will have." I suppose that in battle the minds of combatants must also be occupied by details of a somewhat similar nature.

It was a motoring moment that I shall never forget as long as I live.



*All letters relating to organization, questions on Scouting subjects and Scout news should be sent to the "Scout Editor," BOYS' LIFE.*

*Letters concerning matters purely editorial, contributions, questions, subscription and advertisements should be addressed to BOYS' LIFE, 7 Water St., Boston, Mass.*

**Boys and Boy Scouts:** It is with great pride that I place the first number of BOYS' LIFE in your hands—the finest five-cent boys' magazine ever issued. Look this issue over, it's full of just the kind of reading you like—every page interesting from start to finish.

This number contains an exciting, long, complete railroad yarn, short stories, articles on scouting, scouting games, and instalment of a fine serial, illustrations—in fact a real boys' magazine, devoted to the Boy Scout movement, outdoor life and character-building in boys. Every story and article is written by men who know their subject thoroughly and who understand just what a boy likes.

### Our Object

In issuing BOYS' LIFE, we have two objects in view:

First—To furnish the Boy Scouts with a paper which they may consider their own, and which will keep them in touch with patrols all over the country, to give them hints and instructions on Scouting, how to play Scouting games, and to supply them with good, clean, stirring stories of adventure.

Second—To place in the hands of all boys a paper of which they may be proud, and one which they will not be afraid to have their parents see them reading.

We want every boy to show this copy of BOYS' LIFE to his parents, ask them to read it, and compare it with the cheap five-cent weeklies

that are now being sold. We have no doubt that after they see the manly tone of our paper they will heartily approve of our project to give the American boy a journal of a higher moral tone than that of any other boys' paper published.

We feel that the boys of this country are not namby-pamby youths, devoid of imagination, and who know nothing and care nothing about the great world awaiting them. They want to read and know something beyond the dull level of their own street and town.

To this end they are not desirous of wading through pages of blood and horror, impossible detective yarns, of stories in which crime and violence play a leading part.

They want good, healthy stories of adventure, in all parts of the world—stories full of the right kind of dash and excitement. These are the only kind which Boys' Life will publish. Stories that will do their part toward building character in boys.

### Our Program

It is my intention as editor of BOYS' LIFE to give my readers absolutely the best stories that can be obtained—this number is a fine example of what a boys' paper should be—the future numbers will be even better than this one.

In each issue I intend to publish a long, complete story of 10,000 words or more—good, clean, healthy yarns of adventure the world over—clever school stories—tales of boys in busi-



ness life, in fact, stories that cover everything that boys are interested in.

The articles on the Boy Scout movement, scouting games and practices will be found of great value to all scouts and scoutmasters. Athletics will be taken care of in their respective seasons, particular attention being paid to rowing, swimming and running.

In a short time I shall commence the publication of a series of illustrated articles entitled, "From Weakness to Strength." In this series, issue by issue, in easily understood instructions, without the aid of expensive apparatus—as a matter of fact simply with a piece of clothes line and a broom handle—two things that any boy can find in his own home, any lad who can follow the instructions, can, in the space of a few short months, develop his frame until he shall become the envy and admiration of every other boy he knows.

I also have in mind, two other departments—stamps and amateur journalism. They will be conducted by experts upon these subjects.

### I Want The Boys to Help Me

Now, boys, I intend to make BOYS' LIFE the best and most popular boys' magazine in the country and to have it supreme in its field as the *Popular Magazine* is supreme among fiction magazines for adults.

In order to do this I need the assistance of every one of my readers. Show this number to your chums—tell them about the great stories and articles—urge them to get a copy and read it—when you are finished with your paper, pass it along to one of your friends who may not have seen it. These are a few of many ways by which you can help me to put BOYS' LIFE at the top of the ladder.

### An Easy Way for Boys to Earn Money

My circulation manager tells me that he wants to secure bright boys and young men in every city in the country to secure subscriptions. A liberal commission will be paid on each subscription and it strikes me that this would be an easy way for Scoutmasters and Scouts to secure funds for equipment, camping expenses, etc.

If any of my readers want to take advantage of this chance to earn a little extra pocket money, fill out and mail the coupon which will be found on another page.

### I Want to Hear From You

I want my readers to let me know what they think of this issue and to make suggestions for its improvement in the future.

I have a very nice note from Mr. Frank H. Hill, Superintendent of Schools in Westford, Acton, Littleton, Mass., in which he makes inquiries regarding the Boy Scout Movement which information I have forwarded, and congratulates me upon the publication of BOYS' LIFE. He says "it is an inspiration, and should be a great success." I sincerely thank Mr. Hill for his approval of our paper and trust to hear from him again.

Now, boys, I am always glad to hear from you about yourselves and your favorite papers and will answer by return mail if you enclose in your letter a stamped, addressed envelope. I want you to consider me as a friend to whom you may write when in trouble or in search of information, and I will advise you to the best of my ability.

GEORGE S. BARTON,

*Your Editor.*

## MAJOR KNOWALL'S MOUNTAIN BATTERY

THE acquisition of California by the United States compelled the government to open overland routes to the Pacific territory, and to protect them with troops from the hordes of surrounding Indians, who at that time were a source of constant terror in the west.

In this connection an amusing story is told—the hero of which was Major Knowall, a martinet of a peculiarly severe pattern.

In July, 1856, the first section of the annual supply-wagon train arrived at a certain fort and delivered a light mountain howitzer field-gun, sent out by the ordnance department for trial. All were anxious, of course, to see the new implement which promised to increase their resources in mountain warfare against the Indians.

Imbued with a sense of his responsibility in the premises, Major Knowall had the gun and equipment unpacked in his back yard, and spent the rest of the day personally inspecting it.

First the Major extolled the advantage the new gun would give troops in active service against their savage foes, because, unlike ordinary artillery, it could be transported over rough ground, and always be ready for action.



A junior lieutenant presumed to say he had seen a similar gun



He mildly arraigned the issuing officer for neglect, because he had failed to send working instructions with the gun, which had forced him to take the responsibility of compiling them on short notice. Of first importance, he remarked, was the training of the motive-power of the new battery, in this case the ever-trustworthy army mule. Only his perfect steadiness in action would enable the gunner to point the piece and deliver the projectile in the right direction. The Major now had harness and pack outfit placed upon the mule's back, and the gun raised into the saddle, parallel with Jack's back-bone, muzzle to the rear. Lash ropes were thrown across, and all firmly secured. Next an empty service shell was put into the piece. In accordance with the infallible decision of the Major, the "Jackass Battery" was now ready for action.

Regular proceedings, however, were interrupted at this point. A junior lieutenant, about a year out from West Point, the famous Military Cadet Academy, presumed to say to the Major that while at school he had seen a model of a similar gun, and if he had observed rightly it was not the intent of the inventor that it should be fired while on a mule's back, but that it must be transferred first to a light carriage, brought up on another animal. This objection having been overruled, the drill proceeded.

Two troopers, one at each side, held Jack by the bridle. The third, the cannoneer, stood on the left near the centre of the battery. Receiving a lighted portfire from the hand of the Major, who acted as chief of piece, he approached the mule to discharge the gun. The sizzling of the portfire and the smell of sulphur were not agreeable to Jack, and he objected to the gunner's approach. The Major, perceiving his error in not providing for such a contingency, ordered a rest. There was a subdued smile on the faces of the spectators. The Major now despatched an orderly to the quartermaster to procure a piece of slow match. When this was brought, he personally inserted it into the vent of the gun, and with a caution, "All ready, steady now!" ignited the fuse.

Before the gallant Major could complete the lesson by the final command, "Fire!" the mule's aversion to sulphur fumes proved fatal. Up went his tail, down came his head, and with his heels he made a desperate attempt to kick holes into the surrounding atmosphere. The bridle broke, and he was free, and with a loud defiant blast and head erect, was a picture worthy to be immortalized by a famous artist. A moment more and there was a loud report. The fuse had burned down to the powder, the shell went in one direction and poor Jack in another, clear out of sight.

The sudden motions of the mule had electrified the audience. Discipline was relaxed, and without waiting for orders the officers had followed the Major, who at top speed made for shelter behind an adjacent haystack. The troopers prostrated themselves, and so escaped injury.

When the Major recovered his dignity, he announced that as soon as he was able to complete the preliminary education of a suitable mule, the lessons with the mountain gun would be duly resumed.

Some troopers went out and found Jack, his tail feathers slightly scorched, but otherwise unhurt.

There is no official record of further gun-drill at Fort D. To add to the perplexities of the Major, a pair of shafts and some wheels were brought by the next supply-train; but he had them carefully stored to await his pleasure. And shortly thereafter he obtained leave



The shell went in one direction and poor Jack in another

and went East, to recuperate his sadly shattered nervous system. He was never again seen at Fort D.

### MAXIMS FOR SCOUTS

Scouting comes in very useful in any kind of life you like to take up, whether it is soldiering or business life in the city.

You need not wait for war in order to be useful as a scout. As a peace scout there is a lot for you to do any day, wherever you may be.

The history of the United States has been made by American adventurers and explorers, the scouts of the nation, for hundreds of years past up to the present time.

Scoutcraft comes in useful in any line of life that you like to take up. Cricket is a good game to play, and it comes in useful to a certain extent in training your eye, nerve and temper, but as we Americans say, "it isn't circumstance" to scouting, which teaches a boy to be a man.



# THE WORK OF TODAY'S SCOUTS

*The Scouts of today—the men who go in front—have all the wild places of the world for their workshop. They are busy men, and do all sorts of things (the hunter, the explorer, the railway builder, the cowboy, the missionary, all belong to the same strong tribe of pioneers), and adventure and danger are part of their daily life as they tread their difficult trails in the far corners of the world. In this series Mr. Roger Pocock, who knows his subject from actual personal experience, will deal with different pioneer types, and will tell you how they work and how they live.*

## NO. 1. THE LIFE OF A COWBOY

By Roger Pocock

(The article in the next issue will be on the Life of a Prospector.)

I MUST begin with a warning straight from the shoulder, that American boys who want to be cowboys have very little chance of getting wages. The splendid trade, which has bred the finest breed of manhood under the sun, is dying, and year after year hundreds of ranches are being cut up for farms or turned into pasturage for sheep. The railway companies charge so much for carrying cattle to market that they get the whole of the profits, so that the ranchers cannot earn a living and the cowboys are turned adrift.

But while an American youngster has scarcely any chance of becoming a cowboy in the old Rocky Mountain pasture or on the great plains of the West, I hear that in Australia the trade still prospers. However poor the wages, however hard the work, there are things to be had on the Australian stock range which are worth more than wealth or ease. A stock-rider gets a real education in manliness, self-reliance, generosity, honorable conduct, cleanness of heart, and I would not discourage any fellow from seeking these things in preference to money. Money is not everything.

But the business in hand is to describe the life of the Western American cowboy, and the man himself as I knew him on the range up to eight years ago. He is an American farmer's son, the scamp of the family, born with his blood on fire. In his tender youth he breaks away from home to earn his living in his own way.

Once loose in the world, the American runaway finds the earth is not large enough until he gets into the saddle. Out on the wild, free range he learns the difficult trade of handling cattle—although not one chap in ten who attempts it has the courage, ability and endurance which will earn him a cowboy's wages.

If he does not get killed or thrown out as useless, he lives a life of perfect health, trained until his nerves are like steel, his hands like iron, his eyes clear as heaven. So he grows to manhood, free from the fetters of civilization, in the most dangerous, the worst-paid trade on earth. With dainty vanity he wears the dress of this trade of cavaliers—long boots, with a high heel like that of a lady, and big spurs, so blunt that they cannot hurt, which clash at his heels as he walks.

From waist to heel he wears loose leather armor, guarding the legs from injury from thorns, rocks or falling, keeping out the heat of the sun, shedding the snow and rain, warm as blankets at night. Sometimes these "shaps"

are fronted with the hairy skin of bear, goat, or wolf. The shirt is of rough blue or gray flannel—never red, as in pictures and plays, because that color enrages cattle and is too dangerous to wear. Over the shirt men often wear a waistcoat loose for the sake of its pockets, and always a loose handkerchief round the neck to save the spine from sunstroke. The hat is of beaver felt, with a wide flat brim shading the eyes from sun and storm, and a leather string ties it on round the back of the head. A loose belt with cartridges slings a heavy revolver on the right thigh within easy reach, and this is needed for swift shooting in moments of peril from a bolting horse or from some charging bull.

A deep-seated saddle distributes the man's weight over four square feet of horse, and the steel horn rising at the front gives a purchase in throwing the rope. This rope—a lasso—has a running noose, and is so thrown as to catch a running animal by neck or heels. The shock is taken at the horn of the saddle, while the pony braces himself astraddle, almost sitting down.

Each rider has his own "string" of six or seven ponies, who run with the pony herd. He "ropes" one of his ponies for each spell of work—one each for morning, afternoon, and night herd. Because he always has a fresh mount the cowboy is able to ride an average of fifty miles a day for eight months of the year, so that he covers twice as much ground as the swiftest cavalry on their hardest marches.

The ponies are about the size of our cab-horses, but their tails are long, and sometimes their eyes are mean. They are raised wild out on the open range, and when they see a man they are horribly frightened. One cannot blame the horses, when even the wolves and the grizzly bears will run at the very sight or smell of a cowboy. He is certainly the most dangerous of all wild animals. The little horses fly away, and find that by mistake they have run into a trap—a circular patch of ground ringed in with a fence so high that they cannot jump over—while behind them clangs the gate, which makes them prisoners.

They gallop round the corral, but presently the leading pony hears something whizz through the air, and a sharp white rope, catching him by one foot, throws him head over heels. Before he can get up to fight a cloth comes over his eyes, making him blind, and when he is allowed to rise it is to find a heavy saddle lashed to his body. Then a fiend with sharp thorns on the heels jumps on top of him, the sight is restored to his eyes, and the fight begins.

Far away back, thousands of years ago, before the horse had anything to do with man, the lions and tigers used to hunt him. They



never dared to attack except when the wild horses came in the evening to water and had to thread their way through the bush. Then Mr. Horse would find a great cat animal leaping upon his back, trying to reach round to bite his throat open. Mr. Horse had to get rid of that wild beast, so he made great cat leaps into the air, coming down stiff on all fours, to shake the enemy from its hold. If that failed he ran against the trees, rolled on his back, bit, kicked, struck, fought like a demon. And that's exactly the way he treats the wild cowboy of today. He fights with all his splendid spirit.

I have known horses to die of a broken heart because they were conquered, and many a cowboy gets his insides shaken to pieces, so that he has to leave the range and take to some gentler trade.

exported to China, and eaten by an up-country mandarin, who thus finds out exactly how those foreign devils live.

Now consider the ways of the owner. The — cattle have been bought by an English syndicate, represented by "Our Mr. Jones," the resident manager. Our Mr. Jones is a member of the Stock Association, which has placed the — brand on record, that all men may know his syndicate's cattle at sight. Any calf running with a — cow belongs to the two-bar outfit, and will in due course be roped and branded by the two-bar "round-up." If the round-up works too late in the season, and the calf be weaned and loose-footed, that calf is the property of any man who, finding it, burns his brand. It is a "maverick."

Our Mr. Jones hastens in the early spring to get among his cattle before the calves shall



Once thoroughly mastered, these range ponies become quite gentle, and grow to love their masters. At the same time, this rough way of breaking is bad both for man and horse, and if the cattlemen could only afford it they would rear their colts by hand.

So much for the cowboy's riding powers. Then we come to another section of the work — the branding of cattle.

How shall a man know his own cattle? The land is public, there are no fences, the cattle are not herded, but all mixed up and living as the buffalo lived on the buffalo's grass. The owner must have a mark upon his cow, his own mark, burned with a red-hot iron upon the hide. He brands his cow W (flying W) or — (two-bar). Next spring the cow has a calf running beside her, so he brands the calf —, amid howls and screams, contortions, and smoke from the calf. In three years that — calf is a beef steer, to be sorted out from the herd, driven to a railway, shipped to Chicago, potted,

wean. He engages eight riders at, say, \$35 a month, under a foreman; he provides a traveling wagon or a train of pack animals, a cook, and a wrangler to look after the pony herd. That is the outfit of the two-bar, working in conjunction with the "flying W" and "bar zee" outfits, and attended by a rep. (representative) on behalf of a stock association in the next State, whose cows may have strayed over the boundary. All these riders, under the captain of the round-up, scatter out each day over a given district and collect all the cattle into a bunch. Then the two-bar cuts out its — cattle, and brands their calves and turns them loose for the summer. The other outfits brand their calves, and the rep. takes charge of the strays from the neighbor State, to herd them back over the border. That is the spring round-up.

In the autumn after the haying there is another round-up, precisely like the first, which searches the whole district, collects the cattle, cuts out the saleable animals, turns the rest



loose, and drives the beef out to the nearest railway for shipment and sale. That is the beef round-up.

All summer the cattle have been straying on the highest ground they could reach—the best grass; but late in the autumn our Mr. Jones sends out his riders to drive them down to the valleys away from the deeper drifts and fiercer winds, there to feed them, if necessary, from the haystacks.

Such is the honorable profession of punching cows.

It's very pleasant to look back on the old days, when, as a traveler, I came to some camp or ranch, and the cowboys would show me where to water my horses and turn them loose to graze. At supper-time they would bid me "walk up to the chuck and grab a bone."

There were fresh beef, hot bread, stewed fruit, cake, and fruit pies—a better meal than one ever got in the towns; but the cowboy never, never milks a range cow, unless he is tired of life and wants to go out of it quick. There was no milk or butter.

After supper the boys would smoke, and we talked horse or cow, or someone started a song.

The cowboy songs are always very dismal, and between verses one heard the wolves (coyotes) yowling to the moon. After a time we rolled down our beds under the stars, and then talked horse until we fell asleep. Proper sleep, too—there is no sleep like that in the open air.

Long before dawn came breakfast, and the stars were still shining when the horse wrangler brought in the ponies for each man to rope his morning mount. The first gray light would find all the riders in the saddle, the foreman scattering out his men to gather cattle, while the cook and the wrangler finished their breakfast together.

So I would saddle up, load my pack-horse, and hit the trail, hoping in the great lone land to find such another camp that night, perhaps fifty miles away.

It has been my good fortune to traverse the stock range from north to south, more than three thousand miles, and once or twice in a very amateurish way to earn my bread as a rider.

Looking back through the memories of many years I cannot recall any cowboy who was not at heart a most gallant gentleman. But now the sun is setting on the range, and this heroic trade is almost finished.

At a railway station a few weeks ago an old lady, apparently in a great hurry, went up to a porter and said:

"Can I take this train to W——?"

"Well, I dunno, marm," replied the porter, as he proceeded to bang the doors. "You see, the engine generally takes it; but I should think the company wouldn't mind you having a try for once."

"It is well to leave something for those who come after us," quoted a boy as he turned over a barrel in the way of some boys who were chasing him.

## HOW TO BUILD AN IGLOO

An "igloo" is a hut made of snow, which is much used by Arctic explorers in the great open snow plains, where no trees or stones are to be got. It is a good thing for Scouts to build in the winter. The simplest way to build an igloo, where the snow is not sufficiently frozen as to be cut into blocks, is this:

You start rolling a big snowball until it is as big as you can well lift. It is best to make it rather square-shaped than round—it gets more solid that way.

Then, when you have made a whole lot of these blocks, pile them together in a big heap about 6 ft. high, 10 ft. long, and about 8 ft. wide, and jam them well together, filling up all cracks and holes with more snow. Then, with a shovel or piece of board, smooth off the surface of the heap until it looks neat and shaped like a low beehive.

When the outside is neatly finished, get a lot of sticks all exactly the same length, about



2 ft. long, and stick them into the snow-heap and push them in till their ends are flush with the snow. You want a lot of them, until there is one every two or three feet all over the snow-heap.

Now you tunnel into the heap. First make a low-arched doorway, then dig out the whole



of the inside of the heap, passing the dug-out snow out through the doorway.

Whenever you come across the end of one of your sticks on the inside, don't dig any more there, as the stick gives the thickness at which the wall should be kept.

When you have made one hut like this you can add more rooms to it by building more in the same way close up against it, so that you can cut doors leading from one into the next.

"George!" exclaimed Jimmy to his brother of that name.

"Don't bother me," replied George; "I'm reading an absorbing article."

"What is it about?"

"Sponges."



## FOR HIS VOW'S SAKE

### A Wild Dash to a Strange Land

By WARREN KILLINGWORTH

GOOD-NIGHT, Guest."

"Good-night, Mr. Greville."

"Make the most of it," continued the latter, "for this may be your very last chance of a sound slumber for many a month."

Cyril Guest laughed—the "don't care" laugh of one who seeks to hide misgivings with the air of being perfectly at ease.

Through Cyril Guest's excited brain as, following his companion's advice, he vainly strove to compose himself for sleep, surged in endless panorama the scenes through which he had passed since leaving America, London, Dover, Calais, Paris, Berlin, Warsaw, Moscow—these were the principal milestones of the weary journey.

The travelers were still in the train on the Trans-Siberian Railway, within a few hours' journey of Krasnoiarsk, whence it was their intention to cross Siberia, bound for the Mongolian frontier. Although in a sense companions, the two travelers had been thrown together in a manner somewhat out of the ordinary.

Horace Greville, mining expert, was on a prospecting tour. He was a man used to roughing it, and this was his third trip to these regions. Cyril Guest, on the other hand, was a mere youth—not yet eighteen (though his looks belied his age). This was his first long journey, and his objective—unknown as yet to the other—bordered on the romantic.

Happening to hear that Greville was going out to Mongolia, Cyril had, after some negotiations, been allowed as a matter of business to accompany him. Oftentimes in the course of his journeyings so far Cyril had been tempted to take Greville into his confidence, but had hung back, fearing the effect of the disclosure on so matter-of-fact and business-like a traveler.

Never was he more inclined to do so, however, than now, when the first part of the journey was nearing its close.

Opening his eyes with a start as the train, running over a badly laid bit of the line, bade fair to jump the metals, Cyril encountered Horace Greville's good-humored questioning glance in his direction.

"Sleep out of the question, eh?" said Greville.

"Rather! Don't you find it so?"

"Yes, the nearer we get to Krasnoiarsk the more I seem to get the fidgets, though the plain matter-of-fact of it is that I've got you on my mind."

"Me?" ejaculated Cyril, in well-feigned surprise.

"It's no business of mine, I know; but, all the same, I'm simply eaten up with curiosity as to whatever can have induced you to undertake this journey."

"The bargain was that you should ask no questions, wasn't it?" urged Cyril.

"I admit it," replied Greville; "but look here, Guest. You and I are pledged to one another's company for some months. As one who has journeyed far and wide in his time, and speaking from experience, I must say that in such circumstances as ours mutual confidence is a benefit in more ways than one."

"Oh, I agree there," exclaimed Cyril.

"You know my circumstances exactly," continued Greville. "I'm a mining expert—more or less a free lance—on a prospecting tour. You also know the company I represent."

"I'm a free lance quite," answered Cyril, "journeying absolutely on my own account."

"So I have understood all along; but why does your objective demand so much secrecy?"

"To ensure your not backing out at the last moment," replied Cyril.

"How mysterious you are," replied the other. "Are you a member of some secret society? If so, look out in Russia."

Cyril laughed merrily.

"Oh, no," said he, "at least, there's nothing political; though yours is, after all, not such a bad guess."

"Having proceeded so far," continued Greville, "and if you feel you can trust me with your secret, why not take me into your confidence?"

"I intended doing so," replied Cyril, "the moment we had reached a point whence any idea of turning back was entirely out of the question."

"You're pretty determined," was Greville's comment, "but surely we now have proceeded sufficiently on our journey for your purpose."

"I think so," said Cyril. "To begin with, I was educated at Helmscot College, intended for one of the big professions. The sudden death of my father interrupted my course of study, and I never returned. Casting about for an employment suited to my tastes, I had almost decided on making for the Northwest, when one morning my attention was attracted by a paragraph in a newspaper. It seems that in the 'Agony' column of the *Times* there had appeared an advertisement written in Chinese."

"That was a novelty," ejaculated Greville, "and I suppose some enterprising journalist had taken the trouble to get it translated?"

"That's precisely what happened," replied Cyril.

"And," continued Greville, "what might have been the wording?"

"I can't give you the Chinese version of it," replied Cyril; "but in plain English it read thus: 'I declare—Tobolensk-Mongolia—communica-



tions, if any, Li Chung, Hertcho.' "

"'Agony' column advertisements," said Greville, "make extraordinary reading sometimes, if one doesn't possess the key to them; but what, may I ask, has this to do with your coming out?"

"Everything," replied Cyril. "But for that advertisement I should very much more likely have gone to Canada."

"Are you mad, Guest?"

"Not yet," replied Cyril imperturbably. "I may be later on if, after taking all this trouble and going to so much expense, the whole affair turns out a hoax. Such a contingency is unlikely, however, for I have ascertained that the order for the advertisement reached New York in a round-about way from Mongolia."

"Then you know the meaning of the advertisement?" ejaculated Greville, brightening.

"Up to a point, yes."

"You're an extraordinary chap, Guest. Explain yourself, for goodness' sake. You've roused my curiosity no end."

"What I know," replied Cyril, "is, after all, not very much to the purpose. At Helmscote there existed a sort of secret society to which most of the students belonged, each member being required on oath to go to the rescue or otherwise assist any of the fraternity who might get into trouble of any kind."

"Had you a secret code then?" ejaculated Greville. "A cipher, or anything of that sort?"

"No."

"Then," said Greville, "how was the idea to be worked out?"

"Very simply. All one had to do was to advertise in the *Times*, using the two words, 'I declare,' and giving an address."

"Tell me the wording again."

"'I declare,'" repeated Cyril, "'Tobolensk—Mongolia'—"

"Haven't you any idea of the identity of the advertiser?"

"Not the least in the world."

"Wasn't there something else?"

"Yes, 'Communications (if any), Li Chung, Hertcho.' "

"Happen to have a Chinese member of your community at any time?"

"Not to my knowledge; but then, you see, the Helmscote Freemasonry had been in existence generations before my time. There is, therefore, no telling who the man may be."

"The latter part of the advertisement may be only a blind."

"That's precisely what struck me on first reading it," said Cyril.

"And so," continued Greville, "you consider the thoughtless oath of a schoolboy sufficiently binding on you to undertake a long and hazardous journey in obedience to the vow?"

"Not exactly so," replied Cyril. "Inclination went a very long way in my case. Mongolia or Canada were one to me. I meant traveling and seeing things, you understand."

"Then," ejaculated Greville, "that was your inducement in looking out for a man who knew the country you wanted to explore and happened to be travelling thither?"

"Yes, that's so. What, by the way, was your impression at our first interview?"

"Oh, I imagined you were just an adventure-

struck youth yearning for a change and determined upon a novel experience. You will remember I tried to dissuade you from going."

"But supposing I had let on what I was after—what then?"

"Impossible to say," replied Greville, "the adventure sounds enticing enough as told on the Trans-Siberian Railway, but there's no telling how it would have struck me in New York."

"It is no end of a lark, isn't it, traversing two continents on such an errand?"

"It may turn out a very expensive game, Guest, though I admit the attraction."

"What are your apprehensions?"

"As indefinite as your mission. You ought to get through all right, and I'll assist you all I can. You have one great advantage in not knowing the advertiser, nor, let us suppose, he you. Supposing, for instance, on arrival you discover the whole thing to be a trick, or, at worst a plot—you would naturally prefer to be out of it."

"Yes, that's so," said Cyril with as much eagerness as he could command, adding heartily, "I'm glad you'll stick by me."

Greville's comments had set Cyril thinking, and the latter part of this remark was intensely sincere.

There was one thing he had omitted to tell Greville, that being the formula understood by the brotherhood as indicating that someone was answering the summons.

The formula itself was unimportant, what was more to the point being the fact of Cyril having despatched a cablegram just before leaving New York. The message reading "I follow suit,—Guest, New York.—Via Krasnoyarsk," would have the effect of nullifying Greville's suggestion, and for the remainder of the journey Cyril kept wondering what his companion would think of his indiscretion, and whether it would make any difference.

In view of Greville's remarks, the thought of that cable message speeding to its destination heralding his approach made Cyril particularly uneasy in his mind.

## CHAPTER II

Forty-eight hours after the travelers had left the railroad a lively scene was enacted outside a certain hotel in Krasnoyarsk.

The question at issue was the purchase of a sledge, Greville figuring as buyer, while between him and the owner—a sheep-skin clad moujik (Russian peasant)—a battle royal waged. The driving of the bargain amused Greville, who played his man as an angler will a cunning fish who strives to break his line; but the long-drawn negotiations exasperated Cyril, who was in a desperate hurry to take the road.

"Why can't you pay him what he asks and have done with it?" he cried, unable any longer to control his impatience.

The moujik nervously glanced toward the speaker, for there was a savage ring in the young American's voice, and immediately poured forth in voluble Russian a score of reasons why he could not abate his price one kopeck.

To this appeal Cyril, being unacquainted



with the language, necessarily turned a deaf ear.

Greville only laughed.

"You can't unduly hasten matters in this country," he remarked, "try as you may."

"But," protested the other, "this is the sixth peasant who has interviewed us during the past two days, not including the man who knocked me up in the small hours."

"But this fellow," replied Greville, "has got just the kind of thing we want. His price is only thirty roubles—just half what others asked for ramshackle affairs half a century old."

"Never mind an old rouble or two," urged Cyril, "if you're satisfied with the sledge. This

the road toward the frozen river with weird cries and much cracking of a knout-like whip.

Then, and not until then, did Cyril breathe freely again.

Krasnoiarsk, which at one time had seemed an impassable barrier, lay behind them, and the unknown future was being whirled toward the travelers at the rate of twenty versts to the hour.

From beneath the hood of the sledge little could be seen save the flanks of the plunging horses and the muffled figure of the yemshik; little heard beyond the occasional unearthly cries to which the latter gave vent as a means of maintaining the pace.



"He was engaged in overhauling their baggage"

hanging around day after day is maddening."

The hurried dialogue, closely followed by the moujik, who seemed to divine by voice and gesture what was passing, resulted in an abatement arrived at on the principle of splitting the difference, and the seller, more than satisfied, went off to fetch the sledge.

Meantime a messenger was despatched to summon the man with whom they had previously bargained for horses, and, as a consequence of Cyril having forced the pace, in less than an hour the sledge stood ready, packed with the baggage and a store of provisions for the journey. Into it both travelers tumbled with alacrity, and in a few minutes more the yemshik (or native driver), having mounted his driving perch, was urging on his horses down

Had either of the travelers been in the mood for much talking at the outset of the journey, they would have found conversation difficult to sustain, what with the swaying motion of the sledge, the continual jolting over rough ice, and the before-mentioned distractions on the driver's part.

As a matter of fact they could do little else but hang on for dear life while occupying their minds with individual reflections.

Thus was the first stage of fifteen miles accomplished while yet the day was young—the second, third, and fourth.

By this time both travelers began to experience the numbing effects of the intense cold, and whereas at the previous stages Cyril had refused to leave the sledge, and scouted the idea



of stopping any longer than was necessary for changing horses, he was now only too ready to seek shelter where their yemshik had pulled up.

As Cyril rolled out of the sledge, staggering beneath the weight of his furs and reeling from the effect of cold in his half-frozen limbs, his eyes rested upon another sledge which stood, horseless, outside the log-built post-house.

"Another traveler on the road, eh?" he remarked to Greville as together they entered the house. "Wonder whether he's bound north or south."

The traveler in question was seated on a rough bench by the brick stove, which occupied one side of the room and gave out so fierce a heat that the new arrivals were only too glad to throw off their heavy fur pelisses, gloves and head-gear.

While the post-house keeper and his wife hurriedly prepared a hot mess for the Englishmen, the latter had leisure to examine the stranger who sat beside the stove.

A glance was sufficient to denote a nationality south of the frontier had not Greville taken occasion to whisper the word "Mongol."

"So I supposed," said Cyril under breath. "Rum-looking customer, isn't he?"

The post-house keeper—a Russian moujik—gave a whimsical glance in the same direction as he placed before his guests the welcome meal, having despatched which Cyril announced his intention of proceeding while the daylight lasted. But here an insurmountable difficulty arose; for the Mongol, it was discovered, had bespoken the only available horses, and their yemshik refused point blank to drive further without a relay.

There was nothing for it, therefore, but to arrange to pass the night where they were and arrange for an advance early next morning.

During the colloquy the Mongol huddled by the stove, showing no more interest in what was going forward than if he had been carved out of stone. Whether or not he understood it was impossible to guess, though Cyril fancied he detected a gleam of mirth flitting across the immobile yellow face at the plight in which the American Excellencies, so eager to proceed, were placed by the fact of this non-descript stranger having forestalled them.

In another moment he rose from his crouching position, shambled rather than walked across the apartment, and, entering his sledge, which was now horsed and ready, shaped a northward course up the frozen river.

Cyril and his companion watched him depart up the track they had just left. He engaged no yemshik, but drove himself, and that in a fashion betokening an intimate knowledge of Siberian post-horses.

"Hang the yellow-skinned interloper," was Cyril's comment on re-entering the post-house.

"Perhaps he'll get frozen to death for his trouble," was Greville's grim rejoinder.

Cyril shivered at the thought.

"I don't envy him his lonely ride in the gathering dusk," he replied; "night falls quicker in these latitudes than I imagined."

Accommodations at the lonely post-house beside the frozen river were limited to the ad-

vantage of a separate sleeping apartment for the American travellers.

Their yemshik departed soon after nightfall to quarters provided by a relative in the village. With him out of the place all connection with Krasnoïarsk and the outside world seemed severed, and a feeling of desolation ensued which the natural reserve of their host and his wife did not tend to dissipate; consequently the night was young when Cyril and his companion sought the boarded-off partition which was to serve them for a bed-chamber.

Wrapped in his furs, with an immense sleigh-rug for extra covering, Cyril was soon curled up on the bench. Not until he lay down did he realize how fatigued he was. Soon he dropped into a dreamless sleep, his last impression being that of his companion, who sat upon the largest of their kit bags—back against the wall and head already drowsily nodding. He intended rousing Greville, but sleep overcame him and he remembered nothing more until awakened by an unaccountable impression of something wrong.

Opening his eyes, a twinkling light moving hither and thither first attracted his attention. The light in question was so swallowed up by the pitchy darkness that at first he imagined he was dreaming. Then the sound of Greville's unnatural breathing smote his ears, and the next instant his roving glance became riveted upon a face lit up by a flickering candle flame.

It was that of the Mongol they had seen crouched by the stove on first entering the post-house!

How had he got back, and what in fortune's name was he doing there?

As Cyril's eyes became more accustomed to the dark shadows in the room he noted with chilling dread that between the teeth of this midnight interloper a knife was gripped whose blade glittered in the candle light, and further that he was engaged in overhauling their baggage.

Why did not Greville stir?

Even as the question arose a suspicion that the nightcap of vodka he had drunk before turning in had been drugged entered his mind. Hardly realizing what he was doing, he stirred upon the improvised couch. The Mongol looked up, and their eyes met.

At the same moment the light was extinguished, but not before Cyril saw a yellow hand grasp the haft of that wicked-looking knife, and became conscious of a figure stealing upon him in the darkness.

In an instant, calling loudly upon Greville, he leaped to his feet and threw with all the force he could command upon his advancing foe the heavy rug which had covered him.

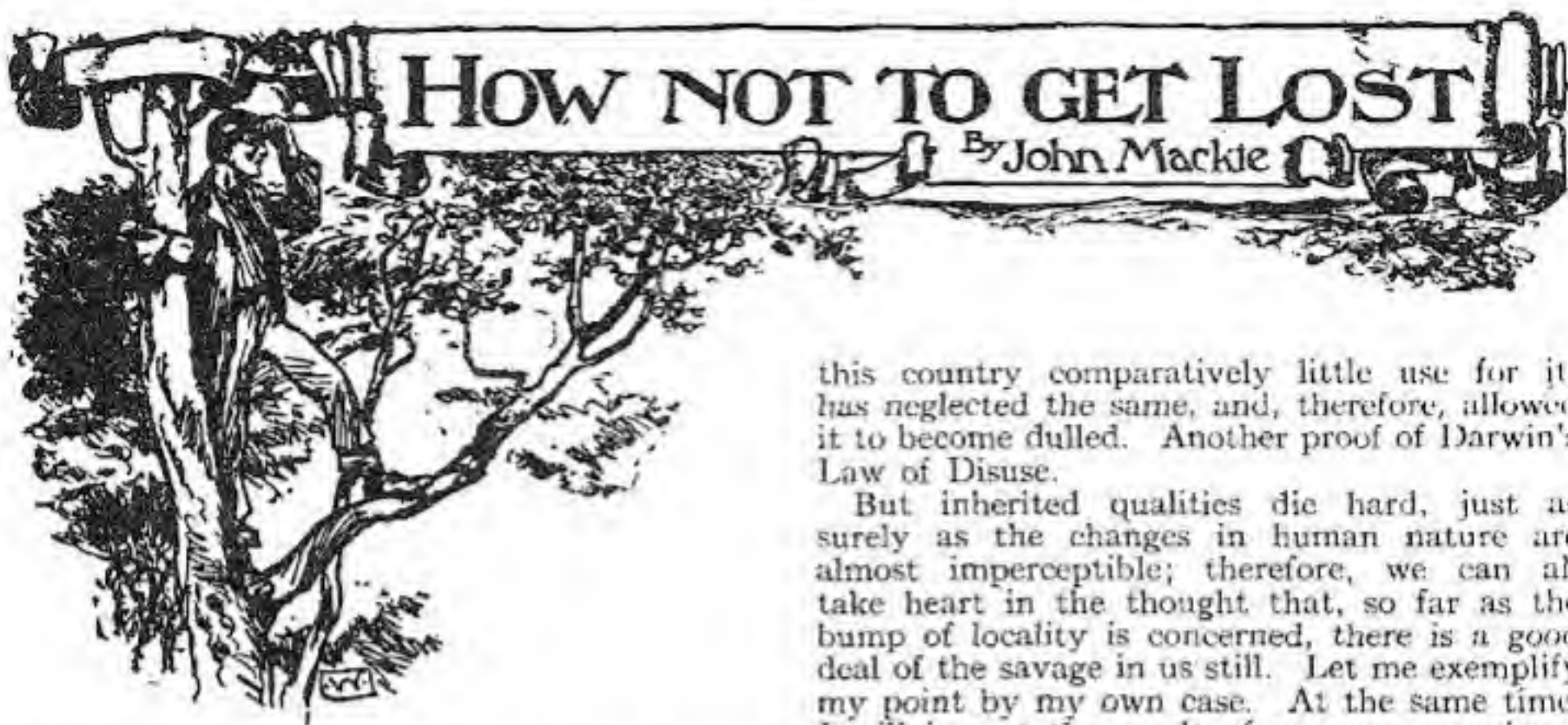
A muffled curse in an uncouth tongue told him his aim had been a true one, and Cyril, still standing upright, fumbled desperately with his feet for the revolver which had lain beneath his pillow.

His foot touched it.

Uttering a cry of delight, he stooped down; but hardly had his fingers closed upon the cold steel of the barrel, when a pair of sinewy arms enveloped him from behind and dragged him backwards.

(To be Continued.)





**P**EOPLE get lost for the very simple reason that they either don't or won't realize how easy it is to do so, unless they are all the time mentally noting the characteristic features of their surroundings and committing them to memory.

It is one thing to follow along certain streets of which we know the names in a town or city, and quite another to pursue either a straight or circuitous course in trackless bush or forest country where there is an appalling sameness about the trees and the undergrowth, in fact, everything, and where landmarks—eminences of any kind—are consequently shut out from view. This applies equally well, though in a different way, to the ocean-like prairie, or to the veldt, where there is not a tree, a stick, and hardly a stone to break "the level waste and rounding gray" of the featureless landscape.

But we know for a certainty that it is just as easy to find one's way from one given point to another in apparently featureless country as in that which is well marked and distinctive, if only one will cultivate and exercise the powers of observation. That is the kernel of the whole business—to systematically observe and not to allow one's wits to go wool-gathering. Certainly some people are more capable of exercising their powers of observation than others; but it is in us all—this inheritance from primitive man—in a greater or less degree, though, of course, we, whose ancestors have built for us roads and church steeples—the origin and use of which are easily understandable in country places—can hardly be expected to interpret the face of Nature like the savage, with whom the necessity of exercising his perceptive faculties in regard to physical surroundings has been a necessity from all time.

The savage could not exist a week unless this were so. Put an inexperienced white man into a trackless wilderness, and the chances are he will be dead in less than three days. The conclusion we come to is that the savage, having been accustomed to exercise his powers of observation from his earliest youth, and for countless generations, has developed that faculty which we call somewhat vaguely "the bump of locality," while the civilized man, having in

this country comparatively little use for it, has neglected the same, and, therefore, allowed it to become dulled. Another proof of Darwin's Law of Disuse.

But inherited qualities die hard, just as surely as the changes in human nature are almost imperceptible; therefore, we can all take heart in the thought that, so far as the bump of locality is concerned, there is a good deal of the savage in us still. Let me exemplify my point by my own case. At the same time, I will impart the result of my own experience as I go along. If he chose, any fellow can become an experienced bushman. At least, he need never lose his way unless he is wilfully neglectful.

While yet in my teens, I went out to a newly opened up cattle station in the wild Never Never Country of tropical Australia. For hundreds and hundreds of miles there was only a bush track which led from a place called Burktown to Port Darwin, a distance of considerably over a thousand miles. The newly-erected buildings of the station I have referred to lay some miles to the north of it.

The morning after I arrived there, Macintosh, the squatter, pointing to some horses that I could just catch a glimpse of through the trees in what he called the horse-paddock, told me to take a bridle with me and fetch up a certain roan horse. It was a good, quiet-going stock horse, and he would set it apart for my use.

"Now, remember always to keep your eyes about you, and take note of the direction in which you are going," he said, "if you don't you'll get lost. And as there are no roads in this part of the world, you may wander about until you perish of thirst and hunger. I'm going a few miles south to see about a new branding-yard. I'll see you when I come back."

And then he briefly gave me a few hints which, he said, if I did not neglect, would enable me to find my way about.

I almost resented his telling me such obvious things. His "tips" to me sounded so childish and unnecessary. The people in Australia were surely very dense if they could not go exactly where they wanted to without having to exercise extraordinary precautions. Now, I know that I had all the assurance of the ignorant.

I put my bridle over my arm and started out. For half a mile the timber had been ring-barked and felled, and one could see a couple of hundred yards or so ahead. Then there was a clump of wattle, and a number of ti-trees that somewhat resembled apple-trees in an orchard.

A magnificent parrot, crimson and green and gold, the like of which I had never seen



before, rose from a bush hard by, flew about a hundred yards, and settled again. It was such a gorgeous and wonderful bird that I went after it, just to catch a glimpse of its prismatic coloring again. An iguana emerged from a fallen hollow log at my feet, and scuttled towards a blood-wood tree, some fifty yards distant. I picked up a stick and barked it going up that tree, and chased it to another instead. It managed to get up that one, then I turned aside to admire some hybiscus blossom, and take stock of a huge spider's web spread right across my path. I turned aside so as not to break it.

When I thought about the horses I had seen when starting out, I was not a little surprised that now I could not see them. But they were somewhere right ahead of me—right over *there*, I was sure of it. I walked straight on, but somehow the bushes and trees had become more plentiful, preventing me seeing more than fifty yards ahead, and this annoyed me. It should not have been so, for when I started out, I had seen the horses nearly half a mile away, and though by now I should have been nearly up to them, I could not see them at all.

Moreover, it struck me I had got into scrubby and bare-looking country with a plethora of ant-heaps, and that which I had seen when looking at the horses was open and well-grassed with tall and isolated trees. I felt angry and perplexed.

I saw some open ground to the right. I went toward it, but there were no horses to be seen. I had surely come too far to the right. I went to the left, and found myself faced by a thick clump of golden wattle. I would go straight through it, and I did, but when I emerged again I stood on a long flat which I thought I recognized. But I did not realize as yet that one part of the Australian Bush is much like any other part, and that unless one takes some marked individual object as a landmark, one will get badly left. Crossing over the flat, I came face to face with a thick belt of scrub. I tried to follow it round, then other glades opened out, and I took one of them. It struck me now that I was not too positive about the direction which I originally intended to take. In less than half an hour, grown man that I was, I was ready to sit down and cry from sheer vexation, for I realized that I had not only lost all idea as to the whereabouts of the horses, but I was hopelessly bushed.

In my ignorance and conceit I had neglected the most ordinary precautions. I had allowed my attention to be distracted by parrots, plants, and iguanas, to the exclusion of the simplest observations. And now where the station lay, and which was north, south, east, or west, I could no more guess at than what gems (if any) lay hid beneath the surface of the ground under my feet. But I surely could not be lost when it was a dead certainty there were station buildings and a group of horses within half a mile of me! My anger at the thought was fatal to the line of action I should have taken just then, so, I suppose, I lost my head.

To cut a long story short, I wandered about all that day, and I knew hunger and thirst for the first time in my life.

I was still walking when the brief tropical twilight fell. That night I lay on the bare ground shivering, and, weary and footsore, I fell asleep.

When I awoke, chilled to the bone, the gray dawn-light was struggling into the eastern sky. I was as wretched a specimen of humanity as there could well be. But a saner frame of mind had been born within me while I slept, and I recalled and no longer despised what I had considered the childish instructions of Macintosh on the previous day. I told myself that it was not too late to put them into practice now.

I began by climbing a tree, but that did not help me. I could see nothing around but an unbroken forest of tree-tops. I descended and noted that the sun was rising; that, at least, was the east. I drew a chart on the ground with a stick, and, a few minutes later, as the sun rose higher into the heavens, I located the west. Then I remembered something else, and examined the bark of the trees. On one side it was undoubtedly browner and bore evidence of the greater power of the sun. There was the north. I had now all the points of the compass, and knew that I must travel in a certain direction. I observed that all the birds were flying toward a certain point.

I was right. Within a quarter of an hour I was drinking at a large water-hole as I had never drunk before in my life. It struck me as strange, however, that there was no stock drinking there also.

Then it struck me that I was actually in a large paddock, and it was a very odd thing that I had not struck a fence. I took my bearings again, determined to strike the fence to the south, and follow it round till I came to the station. Why had I not done this before?

In two minutes more I actually found a small bough that I had cut some twenty-four hours previously, in order to flick off the flies. I kept to my "boned" line, and within a quarter of an hour *I cut my own tracks three times!* I had been travelling in a circle with a vengeance. One travels in a circle because one generally takes a longer step with one leg than the other.

Within five minutes I struck the fence, and, looking along it, saw the station house and buildings. I recollected something, and a horrible truth came home to me. The paddock I had been wandering in for nearly fourteen weary hours was only a few square miles in extent. If only I had glanced back now and again to see what the country looked like, so that I would have been able to recognize it from another point of view—in short, if only I had paid proper attention to the physical features of the ground and country I was passing over, familiarizing myself with my fresh environment—I would not have had to spend a miserable night on the bare earth, supperless and tortured by thirst.

It had been a salutary lesson to me, and I think I have profited by it, for since then I have acted successfully as scout in various parts of the world.

And any fellow can cultivate the faculty of observation as I have done; for, as I have shown, I was at the outset as careless and stupid a young fellow as one could find.



# THINGS ALL SCOUTS SHOULD KNOW

THE PARAGRAPHS FOLLOWING EXPLAIN MANY  
LITTLE USEFUL THINGS WELL WORTH KNOWING

## A CAMP NIGHT-LIGHT

The simple contrivance that is known as a camp night-light, is one that often proves handy for camping out. It is formed of a small tin without a lid, and half filled with fine earth.

Upon this are melted any odd ends of candle, until a fair thickness of tallow has been so obtained. A thin, dry stick, neatly wrapped round with a piece of say, calico, is then pushed down through the tallow and earth, right down to the bottom of the tin. When this wick is lighted, the camp night-light sheds a modest but useful glow all around.

And, of course, there is no oil to get dangerously upset or, spilling about, to spoil things.

## SOAP AND WATER

When camping out, anything that adds to the convenience of the washing arrangements is much to be desired. An enamelled iron wash-basin, we know, will hold water right enough. But if, for want of other support for it, we are compelled to set the basin on the ground—well, stooping down to wash one's hands and face becomes something of an acrobatic performance, and is far from being a comfortable process.

Here is illustrated a camp washstand that any Scout can put together in something like the proverbial "two minutes."

Three straight sticks are wanted—Scout staves will do admirably. These, as we see, are passed through a hole cut in a piece of board—a circular, square or, indeed, any shaped board



nice and level, and, if properly adjusted, quite firm in position.

The piece of board that unites the tripod makes a handy shelf for soap, toothbrush, etc. And, if one of the legs of the tripod is provided about half as long again as the others, there is a quite serviceable rod upon which to hang, and to dry, our towel.

Taken to pieces for the purpose of conveyance, this item of "home-made" camp furniture, of course, occupies but little space, and is of next to no weight. And on the day of striking camp, the washstand, if not mainly composed of Scout staves, will come in very handy for firewood.

## FLATTENING NAIL POINTS

There is a right and a wrong way of doing everything, even to flattening down a projecting nail.

The usual way this is done is shown in Fig. 1, and, although it may be flattened down a little more than is shown in the illustration, the method is wrong and the point is always liable to catch in everything it comes into contact with.

The proper way to flatten the nail down is to place some thin circular object, such as a piece of wire (A), under the projection when hammering down. This has the effect of turning the point round so that when it is finally hammered flush with the wood (Fig. 3), the point will be driven in, instead of being dangerously turned out.

## ONE WAY OF DINING IN CAMP

Provided the soil is dry and not loose or uneven, a very good mess table for use in camp can be made as follows:

Dig a fair sized oval trench, about two feet deep, leaving an oblong space in the centre,



which forms the table, and then sit round on the ground, with your legs in the trench, and your plate of food in front of you, as shown in the illustration.



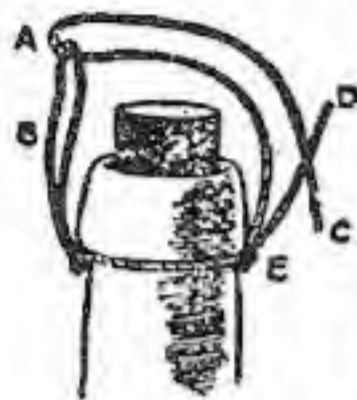
will do—and are so converted into a useful tripod. On top of this, the basin is placed,



### TO CAP A CORK

This is the most effective method for tying down the cork of a bottle. It is exactly the way in which champagne corks are wired.

Take half-a-yard of string, double it, and at the doubled end make the knotted loop B. Pass the two ends of the string round the neck of the bottle and knot them at E.



Take end C, and, passing it over the cork, slip it through loop B as shown at A. Pull end C tightly back over the cork, and knot it with end D close down to E.

Doing that will securely imprison even the most fiery and frothsome ginger-beer that ever was "up."

### DO IT NEATLY

Many Scouts, no doubt, find it difficult to keep a jersey, or sweater, neatly and securely rolled. Here is a method which will overcome this difficulty, and make it quite easy to strap the jersey on to the belt.

First lay it out flat, as in Fig. 1, folding over the collar B, at the neck. Then fold over the body, A, three times, as shown by the dotted lines.



FIG. 1.

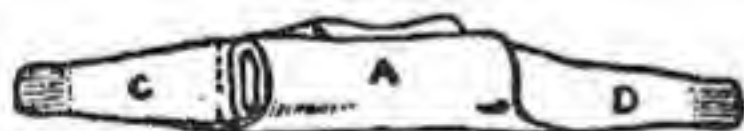


FIG. 2.



FIG. 3.

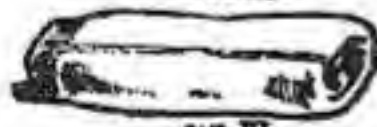


FIG. 4.

The jersey should then assume the appearance of Fig. 2.

Next turn the sleeve, C, over the body, A, as in Fig. 3, and then pull the arm, D, over the body and other sleeve, turning it inside out for that purpose, after the fashion in which you roll a pair of stockings together.

The result, as shown in Fig. 4, is a neat oval roll, which can be easily and comfortably strapped on to your belt.

Mother: "I think Jack's voice ought to be cultivated abroad."

Father: "Anywhere would suit me, except at home."

## THE BOY SCOUT MOVEMENT

### WHAT ARE THE BOY SCOUTS?

The BOY SCOUTS is an organization, the purpose of which is character-building for boys between the ages of twelve and eighteen. It is an effort to get boys to appreciate the things about them, and to train them in self-reliance, manhood, and good citizenship. It is Peace-Scouting these boys engage in, living as much as possible out of doors; camping, hiking and learning the secret of the woods and fields. The movement is not essentially military, but the military virtues of discipline, obedience, neatness and order are scout virtues. Endurance, self-reliance, self-control and an effort to help someone else are scout objectives. Every activity that lends itself to these aims is good Scout-craft.

### THE BOY SCOUTS IN AMERICA

The Scout idea has sprung up spontaneously all over America. In Canadian cities the Boy Scouts are in the thousands. In the United States, towns and cities are being swept by the idea. Gangs of boys are to be seen on every hand doing their best at Scout-craft, "doing a good turn every day to someone," and getting fun out of it. Prominent business men and our leading educators are behind the movement, and a popular organization that needs no equipment is filling a big gap in the recreational education of the boyhood of America. Great as has been the success of the Boy Scouts in England, America with its vast stretches of territory, woods and streams, furnishes a promise for a greater.

### THE AIM OF THE BOY SCOUTS

The aim of the Boy Scouts is to supplement the various existing educational agencies, and to promote the ability in boys to do things for themselves and others. The method is summed up in the term Scout-craft, and is a combination of observation, deduction and handiness—or the ability to do. Scout-craft consists of First Aid, Life Saving, Tracking, Signaling, Cycling, Nature Study, Seamanship and other instruction. This is accomplished in games and team play, and is pleasure, not work, for the boy. The only equipment it needs is the out-of-doors, a group of boys and a leader.

### HOW TO TEACH SCOUTING

The first point is to get men to take up the instruction of the boys in the art of peace-scouting. The men I have in my mind as the best qualified and able to do this are school-masters, clergymen, Legion of Frontiersmen, officers of Cadet Corps, Boys' and Church Lads' Brigades, Rifle Clubs, ex-army officers, telegraph-masters, etc. These could carry out the training of a few boys apiece, with very little expense of time or money, by devoting, say, Saturday afternoons and Sundays to the work, which, I can promise them, they will find a pleasure rather than a labor in practice.

My suggestion to them would be for each to select a party of six or eight youths or smart



boys, and carefully instruct them in the details of peace-scouting. These boys could then act as assistant instructors or "patrol leaders" in training each five or six more in the same art. For their assistance I propose to give in detail a progressive course of instruction out of the handbook called "Scouting for Boys," which will be a self-educator and will enable any man, although hitherto unacquainted with scouting in any form, to carry out a course of instruction. It is also written in such a way that a boy can read it and understand it for himself. The subjects of instruction could form each the theme for a week-end; work thus taking eight weeks for the complete course which could then be consummated by a week in camp when circumstances permit.

### THE BOY SCOUTS

1. Is not opposed to existing organizations.
2. Is not sectarian.
3. Is not military.
4. Does not depend on drill.

### THE BOY SCOUTS

1. Is educational.
2. Stands for good citizenship.
3. Engages in peace-scouting activities.
4. Is character-building through well-defined, altruistic effort.
5. Uses every means for development: First Aid, Life-Saving, Manual Training, Tracking, Signaling, Nature Study, Woodcraft, Military Tactics, etc.

### SCOUTING NEW COUNTRY

To the majority of the Boy Scouts the country will be new. But that is just the thing for them, as it will stimulate them to individual effort and put them upon their own resources in the scouting games. In going to different places for field work the scouts are gradually becoming acquainted with every neighboring town, with the roads and mountain trails, with the car lines that take them in all directions, and with the peculiarities of each district.

The lessons learned and knowledge gained, together with the healthful exercises and character-building games indulged in, are invaluable to every mother's son and of recognized value to the community. There is not a boy in the whole organization who, after a day's outing of this kind, does not return home with some new and interesting experience to tell.

In every game that is played in the open and under the guidance of reliable scout-masters the lads in khaki learn to use their senses in such a way as to make them efficient in many practical things that could not otherwise be learned. Such experiences make them strong and moral. They are shown how to breathe and how to use their thinking powers; new life is instilled into their muscles and brains and everything is made enjoyable and safe.

### THE SCOUT'S OATH

Before he becomes a Scout a boy must take the scout's vow, thus:

"On my honor I promise that I will try to do my best:

- "1. To do my duty to God and my country.
- "2. To help other people at all times.
- "3. To obey the Scout law."

### HOW TO ORGANIZE A LOCAL COMMITTEE

Call together the leading men of the town or city, the prominent business men, the leaders of the various religious bodies, the principals and teachers of the schools, Sunday-school superintendents and teachers, representative military men, leaders of boys' club.

### THE SCOUT MASTER

The Scout-Master is the adult leader of a troop. A troop consists of three or more patrols. The Scout-Master may begin with one patrol. He must have a deep interest in boys, be genuine in his own life, have the ability to lead and command the boys' respect and obedience and possess some knowledge of boys' ways. He need not be an expert on scoutcraft. The good Scout-master will discover experts for the various activities.



GENERAL BADEN-POWELL  
Founder of the Boy Scout movement

### HOW TO ORGANIZE A PATROL

Get together eight or more boys, explain to them the aims of the Boy Scouts, have them elect a leader and corporal from their own number, and take the Scout Oath as a tenderfoot. Then get to work as their Scoutmaster.

### NOT IN OPPOSITION TO EXISTING ORGANIZATIONS FOR BOYS

The scheme is not in any way intended to be in opposition to any existing organization. On the contrary, we want amalgamation rather than rivalry, and scouting is only intended to be used as an additional attraction by those in charge of boys' organizations of any kind. If scouting is taken up by several it may prove a bond between all. Where such organizations do not exist it can supply a particularly simple and effective one for catching a number of boys who would otherwise have no hand to guide them.

(Concluded on bottom of page 36)





## NOTE

### To Scout-Masters

It is the intention of the publishers to present in each issue the news of the Boy Scout Movement throughout the country and to attain this end we ask that Scout-masters send us as soon as possible all the news of their patrols for publication.

### THE NEW ENGLAND BOY SCOUTS ARE SOON TO BE INCORPORATED

The New England department of American Boy Scouts have withdrawn from the National Organization, at the same time tendering their resignation as members of the department committee, turning the assets over to a provisional committee of Scout Masters, who have reorganized as the New England Boy Scouts, forming a temporary organization with the following Scout Masters chosen as follows:

Chairman, Everett F. McLean, Everett, Mass.

Vice-Chairman, Ernest W. Gay, Somerville, Mass.

Secretary, Edwin R. Short, Somerville, Mass.

Treasurer, Geo. S. Barton, Somerville, Mass.

The Boy Scout movement will be conducted by the New England Boy Scouts as an absolutely non-sectarian organization, having no connection with the National headquarters of the America Boy Scout, from the fact of the alleged mismanagement of the National headquarters.

#### EVERETT, MASS.

The Everett troop of ninety New England Boy Scouts paid a visit to the U. S. Military Post, Fort Banks, Winthrop, Mass., recently. Marching from Everett to Fort Banks, a distance of five miles, with only a ten-minute rest, making the distance in two hours and twenty minutes.

They were received by Captain Stock, who personally conducted them through the different points of interest, explaining, as they went, and just before parting with the Scouts addressed them on character-building and duty.

#### BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

The troops of New England Boy Scouts here are progressing finely under Scout Master T. E. Maitland, an able and efficient instructor, who has made the Bridgeport Scouts what they are. The editor, on his visit to this command in October last, was impressed at once with the discipline of the Scouts. There are over three hundred Boy Scouts in Bridgeport, Connecticut, all uniformed.

#### NORTH ADAMS, MASS.

Most three hundred New England Boy Scouts here under Scout Master A. J. Jourdanias. The Scouts are from all denominations and creeds, earnest, willing workers, proud that they are Scouts, doing good turns daily, in fact carrying out the principles of the Scout Law.

The County Committee are men of prominence and are deeply interested in the welfare of boys.



PRAIRIE PATROL, N.E.B.S., BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

(Top row) Buckingham, Pride, Swartz

(Bottom row) Snider, Hubbard, Minge, Clarke

## THE BOY SCOUTS

(Concluded from page 35)

### IT IS NOT MILITARY

There is no military meaning attached to the name scouting. Peace scouting comprises the attributes of frontiersmen in the way of resourcefulness and I have never met a man who has seen war in a civilized country who remained a so-called anti-militarist. He knows too well the awful and cruel results of war, and until nations have agreed to disarm he will not invite aggression or leave his country at the mercy of an enemy by neglecting its defense. You might just as well abolish the police in order to do away with crime before you have educated the masses not to steal.

### IT IS NOT SECTARIAN

An organization of this kind would fail in its object if it did not bring its members to a knowledge of religion—but the usual fault in such cases is the manner in which this is done. In our association, dealing with Jews, Hindoos, Greek Church, as well as with Catholics and Protestants, we cannot lay down strict sectarian ideas—if we would.



## Parade of New England Boy Scouts

### Secretary Short Tells of Plans for Big Patriots Day Spectacle

Secretary Edwin Randolph Short of the provisional committee of the New England Boy Scouts announces that plans are well under way to hold a big Patriots Day Spectacle in Boston, where it is estimated that from 15,000 to 20,000 lads from every part of New England will parade through the streets.

Preliminary reports received by Secretary Short have made him most enthusiastic over the parade. "There has never been anything like it in the United States," he declares. "Rhode Island alone will send a thousand boys. It will be an imposing and instructive spectacle. Behind the advance police guard and band, will march file upon file of well-trained lads. And one in each eight will carry pennants of different kinds. The only arms the boys will carry will be the regulation Boy Scout staff and only the Scout Masters—men over 21 years of age—will wear swords. Each troop will carry a United States flag as well as a troop flag of their own design.

The staff of the Commander will be well worth watching, for the present indications are that there will be prominent clergymen, of all denominations, as well as well-known Boston and suburban business men represented.

### SCOUT-MASTER ENTERS CONTEST

Ernest W. Gay, Scout-master of seventy boys in Jamaica Plain, Boston, Massachusetts, has entered the voting contest of the *Boston American* and is working hard to come out a winner.

He has been connected with the movement ever since it was started in America, and has been an enthusiastic worker in the cause.

Mr. Gay is vice-chairman of the New England Boy Scouts and his work has always been very commendable.

New England boys should send in their votes to him within two weeks after they appear in the *American* as they are useless after that period.

Send votes to Mr. Gay, 175 Pearl Street, Somerville, Massachusetts.

### MAXIMS FOR SCOUTS

No scout wilfully kills an animal for the mere sake of killing, unless it is a harmful creature.

By continually watching animals in their natural state one gets to like them too well to shoot them. The whole sport of hunting animals lies in woodcraft of stalking them, not in the killing.

A dog is the most human of all animals and, therefore, is the best companion for a man. He is always courteous, and always ready for a game—full of humor and very faithful and loving.

We are very much like bricks in a wall—we each have our place, though it may seem a small one in so big a wall. But if one brick

## An Appreciation of the Boy Scout Movement

By REV. ALBERT H. WHEELOCK

Chaplain of Mass. State Grange

*First:*—I believe in the American Boy Scout movement because it is for boys. Boys are worth while (girls also). The future belongs to them and they belong to the future. They are the Nation's best assets. We cannot do too much for them in a way that will help them to do the best for themselves. Boys' improvement is the aim of this movement, nothing else. Whatever can be done for their health, education, character, self-knowledge, needs to be done while they are boys (and girls). The nation and the homes of the nation will reap the benefit.

*Second:*—Because it is for boys as boys, without distinction. Material condition, creed, race, are ignored in behalf of the natural democracy of boyhood. The only things barred is moral or physical contagion. American life needs this mix-up. There are enough snobs to the square mile always. This mingling of all sorts and conditions of boys under wise control, will help to lessen the spirit of caste and to create the spirit of vital unity. "That they all may be one," has not lost its value as a working ideal among boys or men.

*Third:*—Because it appeals to boys at a point of natural interest—takes hold of their aptitudes for out-of-door things and controls them for health or efficiency. The dangerous hours are overruled for good. Idleness becomes industry; play is shot through with purity and purpose; wastes are turned into values for the up-building of the boy.

*Fourth:*—Because it hitches the boy's wagon to a star. No ideals and low ideals are labeled as "unworthy of the American Boy." Chivalry, Honor, Unselfishness, Kindness (without pay) are a part of the teaching of the Scouts. "Is there anything in it for me?" is changed to "Allow me, please." The spirit of courtesy is not overworked among us. Self-interest is too much with us. It is a blight upon our life. The antidote is in part such teaching as this movement furnishes for the inspiration of boy life.

*Fifth:*—Because it helps the boy to know his civic duty and his civic opportunity. The recognition of authority is not overmuch insisted upon in home life today. We are easy. Results are showing that disturb those who knew that, without obedience to law, there can be no liberty. Law, order, obedience, discipline, are important parts of the Scout idea—civic duty is thus enforced.

The civic opportunity as emphasized by the Scouts is best presented by a tow-path boy, who became our second martyred President, in the following sentence:—"There is no American boy, however poor, however humble, orphan though he may be, but that if he has a clear head, a pure heart, a strong arm, may not rise through all grades of society until he becomes the crown, the glory, the pillar of the State."



gets rotten, or slips out of place, it begins to throw an undue strain on others, cracks appear, and the wall totters.

Woodcraft includes, besides being able to see the tracks of animals and other small signs, the power to read their meaning, such as at what pace the animal was going; whether he was frightened or unsuspicious and so on. It enables the hunter also to find his way in the woods or desert; it teaches him which are the best wild fruits, roots, etc., for his own food, or which are favorite food for animals, and therefore, likely to attract them.

### ORGANIZE TO HELP BOY SCOUTS

The Boston Council of the Boy Scouts of America was organized February 6, at a meeting held at the Boston City club. A membership of one hundred business and professional men who are interested in helping boys was organized and committees elected to take charge of the local work. Headquarters will be continued in the Old South building.

Major Henry L. Higginson was elected president of the Boston council of the scouts; vice-presidents, Dr. David D. Scannell, Frank L. Locke, Louis A. Crossett, David A. Ellis; secretary, Frank S. Mason; treasurer, Charles C. Jackson; executive committee, Joseph Lee, J. J. Phelan, Arthur A. Carey, Carl Dreyfus, Mitchell Freiman and Harold Peabody.

James E. West, executive secretary of the national organization, who came on from Washington to attend the gathering, said the movement now has about three hundred thousand boys affiliated with its work in the United States, the Hawaiian Islands and Porto Rico, with two thousand commissioned scout masters in direct charge.

Mr. West, who is a Washington lawyer, took up his duties with the Boy Scouts of America about two months ago, largely because of his interest in the playgrounds movement and his concern over the proper development of outdoor recreation for boys.

Mr. West emphasized the fact that the Boy Scouts of America desires to be considered entirely independent and non-sectarian. He said that it aims to treat with the boys of Protestant and Roman Catholic religious beliefs, the Unitarians, Jews and all others, that there is no distinction of race or creed.

In speaking of the meeting of the National council, which comprises a membership of 150 men known throughout the country, Mr. West said that it will be the first one of that council and that it is to be held in Washington on February 14 and 15. One of the meetings is to be held in the East Room of the White House, by invitation of President Taft, who is honorary president, and who desires to show his interest in the movement.

### BROOKLINE, MASS.

In the town of Brookline is the banner troop (75) New England Boy Scouts, under Scout Master J. V. Bandy.

This troop is progressive *A No. 1*, as to

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Brookline has every reason to be proud of her fine troop of Boy Scouts.

### ADAMS, MASS.

Scout Master Sidney Cliffe has over 150 American Boy Scouts, and has today requested that fifty more application blanks be sent special delivery.

### CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

The boys in the University city are very enthusiastic and recruits are coming in very fast. Many of the boys are uniformed and are in fine shape.

### DORCHESTER, MASS.

The Dorchester troops of the New England Boy Scouts are planning on a ball to be held in April. Mayor Fitzgerald of Boston and many other prominent men have signified their intention of being present.





# BILLY'S MILE

An  
Exciting  
Tale  
of  
College  
Athletics

By  
BRUCE  
FARRISON

**B**ILLY MARSHALL came off the track and walked weakly toward the dressing-room. At every step his toes, aching from the backward strain of his spiked shoes, flinched from touching the ground. His knees wobbled and bent under him as if they were rubber. He sat down on the steps that led to the shower-baths in the basement and with trembling fingers fumbled at the strings of his running-shoes. When he straightened up with them in his hand, his overworked lungs expanded painfully. His head roared as if it were full of escaping steam.

Inside the half-dark bathroom, he sank upon the nearest bench and began stripping off his running-kit. Dully he heard a voice say:

"What did you make it in, Bill?"

"Dunno!"

He wanted to lie down on the wooden bench, but he knew that would stiffen him up, so he made his way to the shower-bath and stepped under its cold flood. The icy water jolted his weary brain and muscles into shuddering activity. When his teeth began to chatter themselves loose, he dodged out and hurried to the rubbing-table, where "Smoked" Joe, who from time immemorial had kept the 'Varsity's men in shape, pounded and slapped and kneaded him.

While Bill was dressing, the 'Varsity coach came in, and leaning over him, said: "Marshall, that mile of yours was two seconds slow. If we are going to win this meeting, you *must* take second place. Halloran and Dean are both beating your time every day, to leave out of consideration some dark horse who may jump in and win. Remember, the 'Varsity needs your three points, and if you don't show 'yellow' you can win them. Go to bed early tonight, and don't worry. That's all."

Bill finished dressing and left the stuffy

room for the cool air of the spring evening. The setting sun tinted everything with long, slanting, ruddy beams. The trees were green with new leafage, and the turf was damp and springy underfoot from a thunder-shower of early afternoon.

One phrase of the coach's rankled in Marshall's brain—"If you don't show 'yellow.' " He took a big gulp of the sweet air. "I'll let him see whether I'm 'yellow' or not, and I'll win that mile tomorrow if I have to run my legs off."

Then his shoulders drooped and he jammed his hands viciously into his trouser pockets.

"But I can't! I couldn't have run a bit faster today to save my life. I guess I'm not 'Varsity' class."

Bill followed the coach's advice and went to bed early; but sleep would not come. Through the open window floated the voices of some of the fellows singing under the big maple in front of the Girls' Hall. Low-voiced strollers passed. He could hear the frogs croaking in the pond where the freshmen were always ducked. He wondered if Alice Perkins would be at the meeting. Ever since she had risen to the highest circles of the 'Varsity, she had sort of looked down on him. Tomorrow she would probably be sitting in the grand stand with some upper-classman when he finished third or fourth, and would laugh and say, "Oh, yes, indeed, I know the little Marshall boy. We're from the same town."

He had always cared a lot for Alice, but it was enough to make any fellow sore when he rushed up to a girl he'd always known and said: "Hullo, Alice," and she froze him with "Good-morning, Mr. Marshall," and before a crowd, too.

He would like to win that mile just to spite her.

The next thing he knew, he was angrily



smothering the whirring alarm clock with the bed-clothes and debating whether to get up for breakfast or take just one more nap. Breakfast won, and he struggled sleepily into his clothes.

Later, he strolled down the street to the Union, where a big crowd always congregated before a meeting. The lobby was filled with a swaying, chattering mass of students. He elbowed his way through them, glancing this way and that for a familiar face. Suddenly a voice at his elbow held his attention.

"Marshall ought to win the mile, don't you think?"

Another voice answered: "Marshall? Ha, ha! Why, man, he's no more in the class with Halloran or Madison and Dean of Mishington than I am! He won't last the first three-quarters. On the quiet, Dean says he's going out for the Intercollegiate record today, and if he does you watch something drop."

"Is that so?" said the first voice, with respect in its tones.

Billy longed to see who had spoken, but shame held his neck as stiff as a ramrod. So he was outclassed, wouldn't last the first three-quarters! Well, it was true! He couldn't run. He'd never get out another year. The coach probably wouldn't want him, anyway. He pushed his way out of the hotel and walked up the street. It was an ideal day for the Intercollegiate; sunny, cool, and with no wind to mar record-breaking. Already, though it was only ten o'clock, the streets were thronged. Tin horns blared, colors waved, and college yells rent the air wherever any number of students assembled. A wave of nervous fear submerged Bill. He saw himself distanced at the end of the first three-quarters, and heard a great cruel roar of laughter from the stands. He had seen that happen once when he was in the junior school, and the memory of it still lingered. He saw himself giving up at the last sprint and crawling off the track a "quitter" and a disgrace to his university.

Unconsciously his steps had turned toward his own house, and now before he realized it he was before the very door. He hesitated, debating whether he had better go in or slink away. Just as he was deciding that they were already ashamed of him, one Riley burst out of the door, and taking the front steps at a leap, almost knocked him down.

"Well, look who's here! Bill the Athlete, by George!" exploded Riley, and then, turning to the house, he yelled:

"Hey, fellows, here's Bill, the man that's goin' to win the mile today."

The fellows streamed out and surrounded Billy.

"Nine long ones for Bill!" cried Riley. "Now boys, One! Two! Three!"

The old yell sent a thrill through Billy's blood. The fellows hammered his back, congratulating him on his victory in advance, for they took it for granted he would win, and when he protested that he had no chance, they only laughed. Gradually, he began to feel inspired. Of course he would win with the best old 'Varsity in the world back of him! He must! He would run today as he had never run before. What was two seconds? He could

make that up in the first half-mile. He'd show them whether he'd last three-quarters or not, and Dean would have to run right down to the tape if he set a new record.

During the light noon meal at training quarters Marshall was preoccupied. He did not see the tense, strained faces of some of his team-mates or notice the over-boisterous unconcern of others. He was too busy mapping out how he would run his race to beat Dean. The running of this mile had become a personal matter between him and the Mishington star.

The meeting was half over. The sprints and hurdles had gone according to anticipations. Carston had fallen down in the weight and only taken second, but good old "Legs" Meeker had won the high jump when he was only expected to get third.

Bill sat on the floor of the dressing-room with his back against a locker. His skin burned from the rubber's hard hands; but in spite of that he shivered and sunk his chin into the collar of his bathrobe. For the hundredth time he made sure that his spiked shoes were



There is only one more lap to go



still on the floor beside him. Ten minutes more and he would be on the track. Andrews came in from the "quarter." Every sporting editor in town had conceded the 'Varsity a first in this event. Josey Andrews had never lost a quarter-mile since he had been in college; he staggered now, though, and his face was dejected. He threw himself limply upon the table and drew shuddering, laborious breaths, while "Smoked" Joe tugged off his vest. The men who were waiting their events looked at him anxiously.

Suddenly, in a husky voice, he called: "Marshall!"

Bill jumped up and went across to him.

"I got my cork pulled. Best I could do was second. If you don't win, we lose."

"All out for the mile!" bellowed the caller.

Bill hurried to the door.

"Good luck, old man," someone called, but Bill hardly heard.

He stepped out of the dark room into the bright sunshine. The light, the cheers, and the fierce blare of rival 'Varsity bands struck him like a blow. His knees shook as he jogged across the field. His breath came hard, as if he had run a long way. As he neared the starting-line, the stands resolved themselves from a black mass into a sea of faces with crested waves of color.

Bill squatted cross-legged on the grass and adjusted his shoes, tying the laces with great care. Then he drew his bathrobe closer and analyzed the crowd. To the right of the line, a blue splotch of banners marked the Mishington section. Mishington was the 'Varsity's great athletic rival. Dean was Mishington's hope in the mile, and even now, here and there in the blue phalanx, cries as to what he would do to the others spurted out. These were directed at the Madison crowd, who sat next to them. Madison retorted by derisively calling Mishington's attention to the fact that Halloran was entered in the mile, too.

"With Halloran  
We'll tie a can  
To Mishington,"

they sang.

The 'Varsity's own section was next to Madison, and right on the line. The boys were not entering into the cat-calling of Mishington and Madison, but sat silently, with tense faces. The cheer leaders leaned idly on their big megaphones.

"I guess the boys feel pretty blue over Andrews getting his cork pulled. Looks like we'd lost the meeting," Bill muttered.

He felt detached, like some utterly unprejudiced observer. A hand on his shoulder recalled him. The coach was standing over him. His mouth was drawn down a bit at the corners, and his face was grim.

"Time to get on the track, Marshall," he said. "Now, just remember this mile will be won in the last hundred yards."

The hand on Bill's shoulder tightened and then gave him a little push, as he rose and stepped toward the track.

A long yell thundered from the Mishington stands as Dean limbered up in a jog down the cinder-path. The Madison boys took it

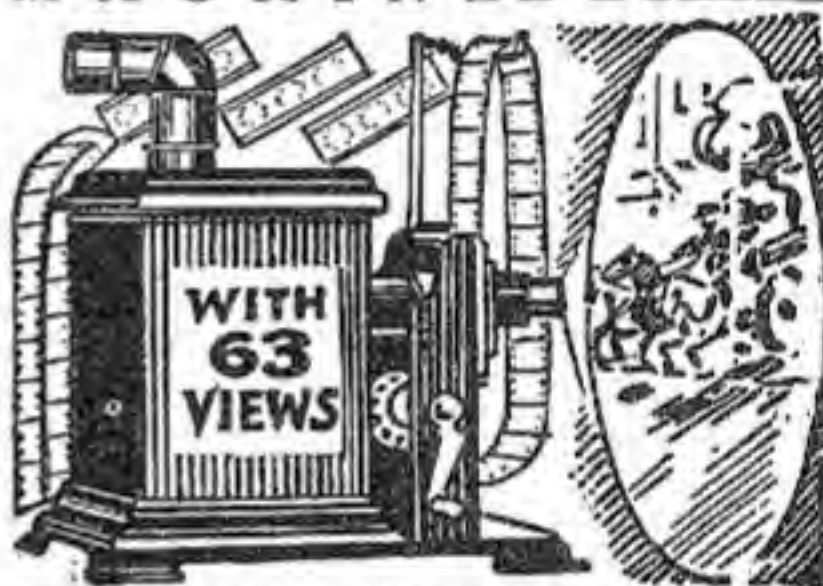


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up like an echo as Halloran followed him. Bill came close behind Halloran. Out of the corner of his eye, he saw the lolling cheer-leader straighten up, signal the yell number to his lieutenants, and then bellow his hoarse instructions to the stands.

"All up; all up! One! Two! Three!" Bill heard, and then the old 'Varsity yell, with his name at the end, split the air.

A grim determination stiffened him as he trotted back to the start.

From the runners grouped around the tape, Bill picked out Dean, in a blue jersey, and Halloran, in the bright red of Madison. Someone with a paper and pencil rushed past him and began to call numbers and names.



"Dean, number three; Halloran, number nine!" he cried.

Then a dozen other entrants.

"Marshall, number seventeen."

"Here!" shouted Billy, frightfully worried lest he be overlooked.

A far-away voice droned something about a pistol-shot at the last lap. They were in line now.

"Get on your marks!"

Billy seemed hemmed in by rank on rank of crouching figures. He touched elbows with the entrant of some fresh-water college down the State.

This man thrashed his arm and growled fretfully.

"Can'cher gim'me some room?"

Bill began to think that the starter had forgotten them.

"Get ready!"

Another year of waiting. He shook like a man in a chill; his muscles ached, and he held his breath. The man from the fresh-water college sprawled nervously to his knees.

"Bang!"

Blindly, with elbows flying, Bill leaped into his stride. He drew his breath in choking gasps and held it as long as he could. His mouth was dry and wouldn't stay shut. His trained lungs soon began to work naturally, however, the beat of his feet grew mechanical, the fog before his eyes dissolved, and he found himself sliding round the first turn of the track. Just in front of him bobbed a blue jersey.

"That's Dean," muttered Bill. Farther ahead, he saw another blue jersey.

"Their other man is setting the pace for him and setting it fast," he reasoned. "Oh, well, this mile'll be won in the last hundred yards. I'll just stick."

As they swung into the straight and ended the first lap, a roaring filled his ears, and he knew dully that the crowd was cheering. They rounded the turn again and kept on up the back stretch. Bill was running like a machine. His mind was concerned with nothing but following those two blue jerseys. For some time he had faintly heard a low "pad, pad" behind him. All at once it grew louder and resolved itself into the thud of a runner's feet. A hand, then an arm, then a head and shoulders came into his range of vision. They were passing the stands for the second time, and the roar of the crowd was in his ears again. The other runner had drawn slowly past him and shut off his view of Dean. He recognized the red jersey of Halloran. Bill drew himself together to spurt hotly and pass this hateful red jersey, but a still voice within him kept calling, "Keep cool, keep cool! Remember, this mile will be won in the last hundred yards," and he stuck doggedly to his stride. A blue jersey fell back to the red one. Dimly Bill saw a figure with wobbly knees and pumping arms. Then he ranged alongside and the figure dropped back out of sight.

"Dean's pacemaker," he gritted.

A great wave of weariness rolled over him. Each step became a separate effort. His eyes came back to the red jersey in front of him. It rose and fell with machine-like precision. No weariness there! Then the still voice within

him said: "He's probably as tired as you are. Keep on! you're not yellow."

An immense sense of irritation filled him. He felt that he was being badly treated. The red back in front of him had turned into a lamp at the rear of a train. What good did it do him to be running down the track after it? He never could catch it.

"Bang!"

The jarring report rings in Billy's ears. It brings him to himself. Everything clears up. He is in a race and there is only one more lap to go. That red spot is not a lamp. It is Halloran, and Dean is up in front somewhere. If he can catch the red jersey, maybe he can see him. His legs ache and it hurts to breathe, but he spurs himself on. He is gaining on the red jersey. It does not rise and fall mechanically any more. Now it is beside him, and he catches a glimpse of a white face and an open mouth as it slips behind. Only one head! What does Dean look like? Oh, yes, a blue jersey. He turns it over in his brain till his head aches.

An unusual ounce of strength comes into play. He plunges forward. No blue jersey to be seen. His knees begin to wobble and his elbows are working like pump-handles. He closes his eyes. His feet slip and turn. Dimly he thinks he must be running in sand. Why not sit down and rest? How quiet it is! Suddenly the peaceful quiet is shattered by a shrill girlish voice: "O Billy, Billy!"

Billy opens his eyes dazedly. Right in front of him bobs a hazy blot of color. It doesn't burst like the other blots. He draws every muscle together in a last effort to leave this awful thing behind. It is close at hand now, right at his shoulder. Then it disappears and he is alone. He sees the track at his feet. It flies up toward him, he dodges to escape being hit, and then all goes black.

\* \* \*

The next thing Billy knew, someone was shaking him and trying to make him wake up. He didn't want to; but finally he opened his eyes. Fellows were crowding round him and trying to shake his hand. What for, he wondered! High over the noise about him came the 'Varsity yell, with his name three times on the end.

Then Billy understood; but he only grinned and said to himself:

"Alice, I'll have to go round to see you and let you get a little more practice on the Mr. Marshall business. You clean forgot it the last hundred yards."

"I tell you," said the young sub-editor of a local paper, "that the editor isn't in, and I'm not going to tell you again. If you have anything for him you can leave it with me."

"Very well," said the caller, taking off his coat. "I came in to give him a good sound thrashing, but I'll give it to you instead."

Two next-door neighbors quarrelled, and one of them exclaimed excitedly:

"Call yourself a man of sense! Why, you are next door to an idiot."

"Did you find it expensive at the seaside?"

"Very; even the tide was high."



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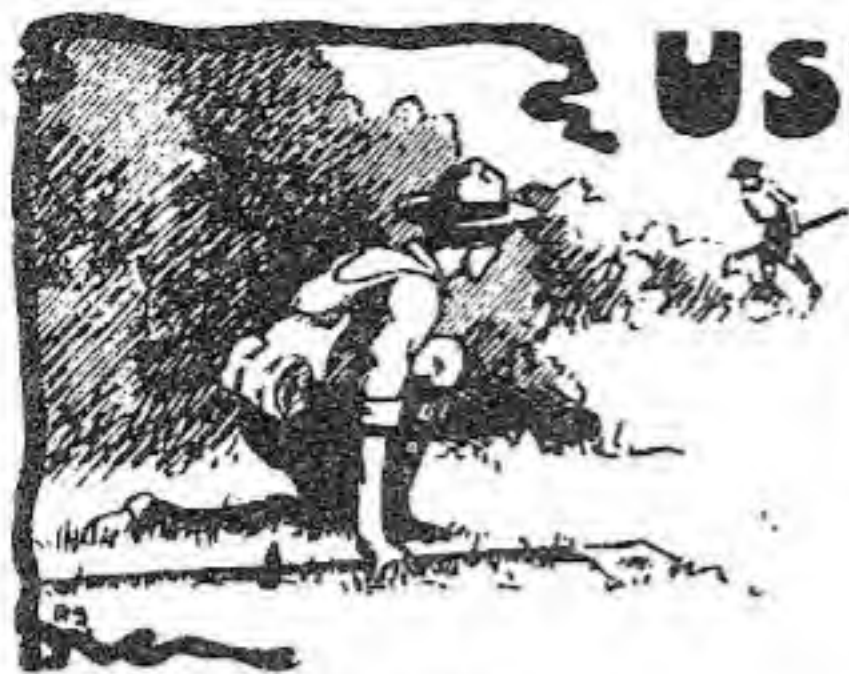


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## TRACKING

**1. Gone to Earth.**—Choose an area about three-quarters of a mile long and about 250 yards wide. Broken ground well covered with fern or heather is best. One patrol now splits up, the various members of it concealing themselves in the area. A second patrol sweeps through from end to end in extended order, and endeavors to locate the hidden scouts. The two patrols now change places, and the victory is awarded to the one who has succeeded in finding most of the other side. It should be impressed upon the scouts that every advantage should be taken of ditches, clumps of fern, etc.

**2. Crossing the Danger Zone.**—This game can be played in any known area, whether town or country, and after dark in a large field. One scout A enters the area from a given side, marking the place where he enters in some suitable manner with the scout's sign. The danger area is patrolled by three or four parties in couples. A must leave the area at a point as near as possible directly opposite to that at which he entered.

**3. Brigand Hunting.**—Send out a patrol of four smart scouts, under a patrol leader, to move about within a given area of, say one square mile, for one or one and one-half hours. Within this area are placed three or four flags representing villages, and on reaching one of these and remaining ten minutes the "brigands" can claim to have destroyed the village. After allowing the first party some fifteen minutes start, several parties of threes are sent out with orders to locate the brigands, join forces with the other bands, and surround and capture them if possible. It is permissible for the brigands to ambush one of the smaller parties. No village can be destroyed which contains two of the pursuing scouts.

**4. Trained Scouts' Competition.**—Scouts set out at the same time to each carry a message from A to B (about three and one-half miles apart). Each competitor has to walk one mile, run one-half mile, cycle one mile (if possible, row one mile and swim twenty yards). If the rowing and swimming are not possible, the last mile should be done at the Scout's pace.

**5. The Blind Sentry.**—A stands blindfolded in the middle of a circle which has a radius of fifteen yards. The remainder of the patrol now attempt to crawl through the circle, but only one can attempt it at a time. Whenever A hears anyone crawling he shouts, whereupon

# USEFUL HINTS FOR SCOUTS

the crawler "freezes," and A walks out to the place from which he considers the noise proceeds. If A has successfully spotted the crawler the latter is dead, and A scores three points. If unsuccessful, A returns to the centre, and the crawler continues his attempt. The patrol count two points for everyone who successfully gets through the circle. The path taken by each crawler through the circle must be of at least twenty yards in length.

## CAMPAIGNING

**1. Bivouac Race.**—Two patrols are required for this practice. While on the march the scout master should, when he comes to suitable ground, suddenly announce "We shall bivouac here to-night." Each patrol then erects hut, shelter, or tent, lays down beds of fern, bracken, etc., and lights fire. The patrol wins that has first completed its arrangements, and has the kettle boiling.

**2. Quartering the Troop.**—Send boys into small hamlet, or street in town, with orders to note the number of houses, number of rooms (this can be roughly judged by the class of house, and number of windows), etc., and to come back with a full report of how many men could be quartered there.

**3. The Alarm.**—This practice can be best carried out at night when a patrol is in camp. On the scout master sounding the alarm with his whistle all lights are at once turned out, equipment is hastily put on, and each one runs to the post to which he has been allotted. The last boy to reach his post should do "orderly" on the following day.

**4. Collecting Supplies.**—Boys go out in pairs to act as scouts in search of supplies for oncoming army. Notes are taken of bakers and butchers' shops, mills, grocers, corn dealers, farmers, with probable quantities of bread, flour, meat, groceries, hay, oats, etc. The pair furnishing the most complete and accurate report win the game.

**5. Spies in Camp.**—Send scouts into strange town or village with directions to find out the best means for a raiding party to cut off the water supply, destroy all food stores, cut off the gas supply, secure the post office, railway station, and other public buildings. If possible, written reports and a rough sketch map should be brought back.

**6. Food Collecting Race.**—Boys start out from a point A to reach a point B some two miles away, and to return, one and a half hours being allowed for the whole journey. On the way they are expected to collect all materials they possibly can that could be utilized as food, e.g., nuts, potatoes, a handful of wheat, etc. No begging is allowed, no money must be spent, but a gift can be accepted provided a good turn is done in exchange. Points can be given for time taken and materials collected.



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A Real Boys' Magazine

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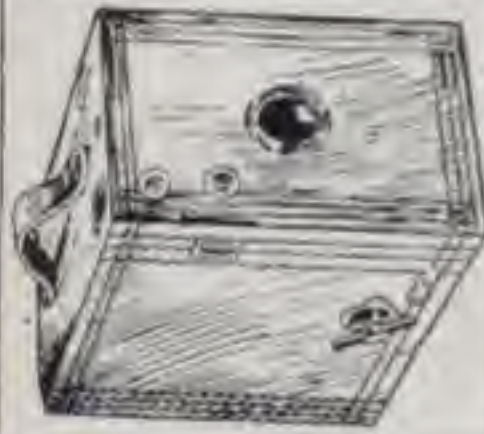
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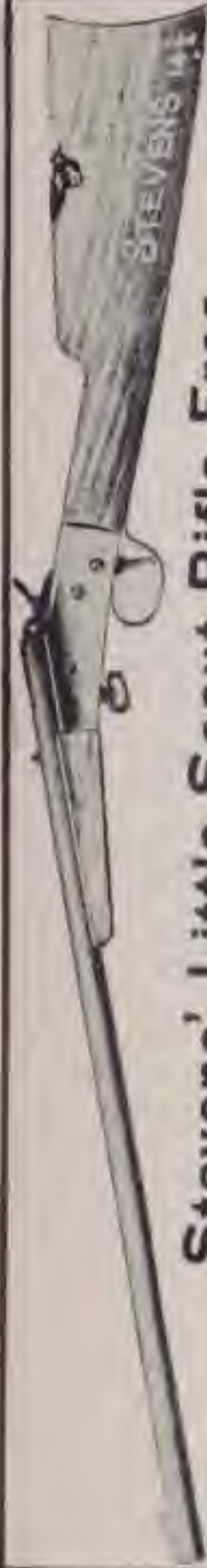
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